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THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

THE French have a happy talent for saying great truths in few words. Among many such *bons mots* we particularly remember one that our professor repeated whenever anything preposterous or ridiculous was advanced by a member of his class. "Perhaps," he would say, "it is so, 'for there is nothing new under the sun.'"

We were forcibly reminded of this saying when first told that an EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE was about to meet in New York, to be composed of delegates from every sect or church wishing to be represented, not excepting the OLD CATHOLICS, who were to be received, though they stoutly denied that they were Protestants, because they consented to practice that solitary virtue which, in the eyes of Evangelicals generally, "covers a multitude of sins,"—rebellion against the Pope. The meeting has been held: we know through the columns of that omnipresent power—the PRESS—all that these agreeing dissenters have said, and we ask ourselves, in no spirit of vain curiosity, to what it has all amounted—and is Roman-

ism really left any life after the unmerciful excoriation given it by those "ministers of peace and charity,"—the members of the Alliance, from the restless George Stuart, whose delight seems to be such company as is afforded by Gavazzi, to Reinekens, whose latest act has been to bend the cringing knee of sycophancy to Kaiser William, rather than forego the honor of a stolen mitre, which will undoubtedly yet give him to feel the thorns which are proverbially said to rest immediately beneath, or rather above, its borders. To treat of the proceedings of the EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, calls for more acquaintance with the writings of Gil Blas, Don Quixote, Handy Andy, and the Brawnville Papers, than with any scientific work, save "Darwin's Descent of Man," which may give the only possible explanation to be found as excusing the antics to which the reverend divines, religious laymen, and dilapidated politicians, who formed the conglomeration known as the EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, gave way during their happy time in the metropolis.

That we have no personal animosity to the Alliances, as we shall call them, will be admitted when we give our word for it that we have waded through thirty-two closely printed pages of the *New York Tribune* in search of words of wisdom from the sages assembled in solemn earnestness from the north and the south, the east and the west, even, as said Narayan Sheshadri, "seven thousand miles away." Not only have we read through this mass of prepared documents and extemporaneous efforts, but we have carefully noted what our friend Stuart calls "Key-notes" to the spirit, by which the Alliance on the whole has been governed in its conduct and views as related to Catholicity.

No one can deny to any body of men, or women either, the right of meeting for a purpose in itself indifferent or meritorious; and under this view the most devoted Catholic, seeking the good of souls, could not do otherwise than rejoice at this meeting of Evangelicals, held for the purpose of "comparing notes," with a view to begetting less difference, if not more union. Particularly do Catholics desire that ministers should study their own position as related to the OLD CHURCH, for such study, if conscientiously and *prayerfully* made, can only result in a close approach of sectarian opinions to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, and final submission thereto. This study, thus undertaken, has given the Church Manning, Ives, Faber, Bellw, and a host of others; why should we desire aught better than a continuance of this seeking of the light, guided by the lamp of faith, fed by the oil of prayer, and burning with the flame of hope? But what Catholics cannot approve, what they have full right to protest against, is the false method so often pursued by dissenters in their study of Catholic subjects. They begin

by abusing, continue by misrepresenting, and as a logical conclusion to their illogical premises, ask their beloved flocks to come out from the Babylon of iniquity, presided over by the *scarlet woman*, and breathe in the fresh air of private interpretation the saving truths each one sees fit to accept. In this view of the case, Catholics have every right to protest against the ranting and hypocritical sniffers who hour after hour, in this EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, misstated the doctrines, misquoted the history, and misapplied the principles of that Church to whose earlier existence they owe the remnants of doctrine they still possess. As fittingly described by a learned clergyman of the metropolis, these babbling dissenters resemble those savages who, with painted faces and limbs, dance round the living body they expect to devour, and each prides himself on the little piece of garment he has snatched from the victim. It was to be expected that intelligent men among them, whose records had gone ahead of them, would not descend to the claptrap assertions of country parsons and village blacksmith preachers, like Deacon Snip in the *Brawnville Papers*. It was to be expected that they at least who had come from the old country, where every facility is afforded for the truthful side of all questions to be discovered, would not, like Murphy, the street preacher, lie for the purpose of perpetuating falsehood; and yet that the European delegates "out-heroded Herod" in the wildness of their assertions and the falsity of their statements, will appear evident to any impartial reader of the reported speeches and papers contained in the *Tribune extra*. Were these preachers mere politicians, we would not be surprised that they should thus distort facts. But, perhaps, these delegates had studied the American character before coming over, and having

learned that we are the most glib people on record, making our act of faith every morning on the vagaries of our chosen "Knight of the Quill," these foreigners knew that anything which would "make it lively" for the Catholics, would be just the thing that would be acceptable to four out of five of the audiences they were to address.

Few RECORD readers are not entirely unacquainted with that modern outgrowth of Know-nothingism, "The Young Men's Christian Association." The fact that the Alliance threw itself into the arms of this body gave us to understand that, with such guides to show them the institutions of the metropolis, the few small establishments which Catholics control would not be deemed worthy a visit. And thus the delegates were to be allowed to return to their European domiciles able truthfully to say that they had seen nothing to show that the Catholics were a living reality among the religious bodies of the fourth city in the world. This "Young Men's Christian Association" is distinguished by its hatred of everything Catholic, and its rabid proclivity to everything destructive of Catholic interests. Some of its members or favorites have figured rather unfavorably in disreputable political and commercial frauds. Its charity may be judged of when we state that no Catholic can easily obtain a situation through its bureaus, and when they consent to procure situations for young Catholics, these are sure to be sent where Gospel influences will be largely felt.

As an American we rejoice that such men as Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, Wolsey, Potter, Fisher, and others, while they gave Romanism no quarter, at least attacked it in a manly manner; not always in often giving the fairest statement of our side of the question, but never forgetting that,

while they were partisans in the sense of being sectarians, they were gentlemen whose words with all their force as arguments should contain neither the asperity of the cynic nor the assumption of the demagogue. At the same time, we would recommend to the intellectual Catholic parent to read carefully even the papers presented by these American gentlemen, and they will see how dangerous it must be to venture, as some do, because it is fashionable, to send young men to institutions in which the chairs of philosophy, logic, and history, will be filled by such professors.

Catholics expected nothing in a religious way as the result of this Alliance. Protestant editors did not anticipate much more; two or three opinions selected at random will demonstrate this. Says *The Daily Graphic*:

"The meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in this city has attracted very general attention, and has already drawn together a large number of distinguished clergymen from all parts of the country and from Europe. This meeting is an important event in the history of Protestant Christianity. *The standing reproach of Protestantism is its HOPELESS divisions into a multitude of antagonistic sects, each warring upon all the rest. It has no unity. It lacks cohesiveness and organic life. It is religious anarchy. Instead of presenting a solid front against Catholicism, its old enemy, which has preserved its organic integrity in spite of all internal disaffection and external criticism, and acts in its entirety when it acts at all, it offers for resistance a chaos of contending denominations and hundreds of churches with dissimilar confessions of faith, each anathematizing all the rest. Instead of acting as a unit of moral force on the public sentiment and life of Christendom, directing its measures and influencing its customs and legislation, and extinguishing the ways and vices of society it deplores and might extirpate, its hopeless divisions render it practically powerless. Thus, while Catholicism actually gains upon it on one side, the world gains upon it on the other, and science and secularism and rationalism are undermining its old outworks, if not its very citadel. The*

hope of *Evangelical Protestantism* lies in an undeveloped possibility of union."

Another journalist, having watched the progress of the Alliance, felt called upon to express himself thus frankly :

"This Alliance does not appear to be composed of men seeking simply to save sinners, leading the way in peace and meekness, but to be a council of great Christian politicians assembled to devise the best means to overthrow a rival Church. It is not so much a religious as a legislative body, and the unity it would promote for the Protestant Churches is only intended to make their influence more available against Catholicism. It is unity, not for the sake of peace, but for still more aggressive war. The majority of these clergymen are leaders in their respective sects; they hold rich livings, and receive splendid salaries; some of them are as good business men as Henry Ward Beecher, who has an income of \$50,000 a year, and excuses himself for writing about fast horses on the ground that if St. Paul were living he would write on current subjects of interest too! Very few of them suffer much for the sake of Christ, and they all have found that clerical domination pays in this world, as we hope it will do in the next. They thus represent the temporal power of Protestantism, and are more prominent as politicians than as priests. We might point out, in this Evangelical Alliance, clerical Bismarcks, Gambettas, Machiavellis, Ben Butlers, and Gladstones; men who have great ability to manage the finances and the authorities of their respective sects, but who, in spiritual matters, are far the inferior of the humble pastor who gives all his labor and love to his little flock.

"The Alliance, we fear, is in fact more worldly than spiritual in its purposes."

In view of this estimate of the members of the Alliance from a Protestant standpoint we can scarcely agree with Dr. Adams in his address of welcome, who wished that others "among the departed" were there. There were quite a sufficient number of falsifiers of doctrine and fact without the presence of such notorious historians as D'Aubigne, narrow-minded theologians as McIlvaine, and misquoters of dogma as Schmucker.

The first Englishman who spoke certainly "put his foot" into it, when he opened his address, by stating that he just heard a friend asserting that "This, sir, is the grandest meeting that has been held for ages and ages; this beats the Vatican Œcumenical Council at Rome."

The *New York Tablet* happily remarks on the above :

"One essential difference was very cleverly illustrated by a British delegate of the peculiarly English name of Stoughton, at the preliminary meeting, held at Association Hall. 'As I entered this hall to-night,' said Dr. Stoughton, 'I heard a gentleman whisper in my ear, "This is the grandest meeting that has been held for ages and ages. This beats the Œcumenical Council at Rome."' This statement was naturally greeted with laughter on the part of the audience. Nothing daunted by the laughter, Dr. Stoughton resumed : 'That gentleman was about correct. The Œcumenical Council was nothing but a gathering together of the members of a single church.' Dr. Stoughton could not have described the church of Christ more exactly. A single church was just what its founder made it. 'But this,' Dr. Stoughton went on, pointing to the Alliance, 'represents all kinds of Christian Churches;' whereat the audience did not laugh. The hit was a little too severe. Possibly some among those there assembled were reminded of the warning of St. Paul : 'Take heed to yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath placed your bishops to rule the *Church of God*, which he hath purchased with his own blood. I know that of your own selves will rise up men speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them.' Another point of difference was the presiding spirit. The presiding spirit in the council of the Vatican was, in Heaven, the Holy Ghost; on earth, the venerable and saintly Vicar of Jesus Christ. The presiding spirit of the Evangelical Alliance was W. E. Dodge, Jr., a person whose fame coincides exactly with his name."

Dr. Fisch, of Paris, said he felt as if he were already in heaven. And then, doubtless, looking back to the real Teutonic handling his people had received, he could not help exclaiming : "What a bless-

ing it is for our French brethren to be here to-night, where there are neither Germans nor French."

A great many of his countrymen thought it a good thing, some time ago, to be where there were no Germans.

Dr. Coulin, of Geneva, remarked that "he had, for several years, a strong desire to come and see America, the classic land of religious liberty, that second step of the Reformation." It will puzzle more than ourselves to discover the relation which exists between the Reformation and the classic land of religious liberty. Every tyro knows that it is a notorious fact that Protestants persecuted Catholics and Quakers "for conscience sake" in the early stages of American history. America owes her discovery to Catholic genius, her first civilization to Catholic missionaries, and her first secured liberty to Catholic money and blood. No one should know these facts better than a Genevan.

The Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, of Bombay, is a full-blooded convert, and has been very well trained. He has been the spoiled child of the Alliance. Those dear creatures—the ladies—have fairly gone out of their wits over his turban and flowing robes. With remarkable humility this reverend gentleman presents himself to any and every audience as a living proof of the power of grace, and an evidence that the Protestant missions are not a failure. Friend Sheshadri may not have learned that "One swallow does not make a summer." To prove Protestant missions not a failure, we must hear a different story from what has been repeated, according to Dr. Marshall's evidence in his CHRISTIAN MISSIONS, for the last twenty-five years,—failure on the one hand, and a call for more funds on the other. Sheshadri has a sharp eye to business, and we are much mistaken if he leaves this country

without taking more with him than he got at the Christian Alliance. He will not be in any great hurry off, either, we think.

In his Christian rôle he appears to enjoy being stared at and ogled by young ladies and old maidens quite as much as he did being worshipped by the unfortunates who are now getting along without him.

The *Tribune* forgets itself in its assertion that the Alliance was united to the Roman Catholic Church even "by letter." It does not rank the OLD CATHOLICS with us, as may be seen from its own editorial published some time before the Alliance opened. In this it was claimed that "the most important of all the events which have modified the position of the religious world since the last general meeting of the Alliance, has been the revolt of the old Catholic party, of Germany, from the dogma of papal infallibility and its consequences, while many imagined that this was the beginning of a movement of emancipation of individual opinion in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church itself." The *Tribune*, so far as we know, was alone in predicting that this would not be the case. The Catholic Church, in its entirety, has accepted the decisions of the Œcumenical Council, and the Old Catholics will sooner or later yield to the overpowering moral force arrayed against them, or take one step further and come out of the pale of the unquestioning believers. And elsewhere the same authority, in reviewing the position assumed by the Old Catholics to the Alliance, as shown in their letter, says:

"The readiness of the new organization to place itself in communion with a body so avowedly and aggressively hostile as the Evangelical Alliance, not merely to the pretensions of the papacy, but to many of the most essential dogmas of the Roman Church, is a plain declaration that the Old Catholics are not

schismatics, but to all intents and purposes simply Protestants.

"In this letter they have gone much further in their declaration of Protestant beliefs than they have ventured before. They announce their determination to facilitate the union of all Christian churches by pruning off the various doctrines and rules of discipline which have been introduced by men, and restoring those rules which rest upon the foundation Christ the Lord has laid. In the pursuit of this plan they have already renounced sacramental absolution and the *cultus* of the Saints and the Virgin Mary, and have given up many devotional practices which seemed to be thoroughly ingrained with Catholic life. Their separation from the Roman Church, in short, is absolute and final, and as time goes on it will become wider and wider, as we have foretold from the outset of the movement; the revolt against infallibility has turned to a revolt against the Roman Catholic Church; and the Old Catholics have discovered that the only way to attack the creed and practices of that ancient institution is to batter them from the outside."

We congratulate the *Tribune* on its shrewdness. A little acquaintance with ecclesiastical history would render the New York *Times* equally discriminating. The *Courrier des Etats Unis* said, at the time of Hyacinthe's defalcation or suspension, that the era of new religions or sects is gone by. There is no middle ground between Catholicity and Protestantism. Those who attempt to keep between the two will find it tough work, as President Lincoln used to say, "to ride between two horses," especially when the animals are going in opposite directions.

Nothing could be cooler on an autumn day than the declaration of Rev. Leopold Witte, who said that Dr. Tholuck, who sent an account of his theology to the Alliance, was modest. This was witty, as any one who reads this Dr. Tholuck's account of himself will find him filled with self-conceit. Any man who offers himself as proof of divine goodness need not talk about modesty. Better let others praise us; there

will be more truth, and less danger in it.

Rev. Matteo Prochet, in his essay on "Religion in Italy," told some wonderful things about the state of the people, all of which he asks us to take on his own authority. He betrayed the falsehood of his previous assertions by the damaging admissions we republish here. He proves the Italians nearest to the Vatican the most stanch Catholics, thus: "Father Hyacinthe lectured in Rome, created a momentary excitement among the people, *but the clergy left him alone, or the few adherents were such that nothing worthy of any importance could be done by them.*" These few adherents must have been of the class that Mr. Prochet says called upon him for counsel and employment. Italy seems still slightly Catholic, according to M. Prochet's testimony, as "the confessional, that powerful weapon of Rome, makes itself felt throughout the country from the foot of the throne to the lowest hovel." And the Italian clergy cannot be so lazy after all, since M. Prochet exclaims, while in a truthful mood, "how they do work! . . . You must bow before the devoted activity, the relentless energy displayed; . . . they defend their ground, and they try to reconquer what they have lost with a courage and a perseverance worthy of a better cause."

Neither are the people neglected if we may believe the same authority, who admits that "societies of all kinds, made to suit the tastes of every class, have been formed." Complimentary as are the above admissions, they pale before the last we will produce from M. Prochet. With all the ignorance of the priesthood, and the desire to keep the people in the dark; despite the spirit of Catholicity, which fosters bigotry, and breeds on the illiteracy it nourishes; notwithstanding all this, and a great deal

more which may be found asserted in the German delegates' papers, this Italian deputy openly declares that "competitive schools are opened, where they (the clergy) cannot have the whole management of the public ones, and in these they (the priests) offer better education and instruction." (!) "Save us from our friends," the Italian electors must cry out when they hear or read the above statements of their delegate. No wonder Gavazzi wanted to be at the Alliance. He feared that some one less unscrupulous than he should make any admissions of the kind just furnished.

From the gentleman representing Holland we had a right to expect something equally definite. The Dutch more than the Italians have a very fixed way of stating things, and they are of such a sombre character that they generally mean precisely what they say. Hence the value of M. Cohen Stuart's admissions. Holland has been one of the most intensely Protestant countries in Europe. The effects of Protestantism, as a system, will show themselves unmistakably where they have had such a fair field of operations. Yet M. Stuart declares emphatically, "No! it is not the church of Rome, however daring and dangerous, which is the most dreadful enemy of Christianity in Holland. There is a tide of neology, a flood of unbelief, which no dyke or moles can keep back. Thousands, it is true, of the *middle and lower classes*, and these undoubtedly the soundest and best part of the people, steadfastly and stanchly cling to their old Bible faith. . . . Materialism and irreligion are slaying their tens of thousands in the ranks of so-called Christians. *So it is everywhere, so it is especially in Holland.*" The logical consequence of the above is that for intelligent people, Dutch Protestantism is below par. It may be well enough for the middle and lower

classes, but cannot satisfy those who are able to sift its pretensions for themselves. Another delegate on the other hand admitted that men whom it was "a real loss to lose" made their way to the Romanists, after having vainly tried to content themselves with such belief as is afforded by Protestantism in Holland or elsewhere.

Rev. H. Krummacher, of Germany, gave the poor Catholics no show, so long as he spoke on his own responsibility, but, no sooner did he say, "Let us take a glance at history," than all his diatribe had to cease, and facts proved stronger than prejudice where there was no chance to distort them in favor of a belief that had no existence at the time of which he quoted. "The German nation," said Krummacher; "owes its existence to Christianity," which at that time meant Catholicity or nothing. "Before Germany embraced Christianity there were, it is true, German tribes; but no bond of union knit them together. Boniface, the Apostle of the Germans, is also the first founder of the German nation." And this Boniface is now honored as a saint by the Roman Catholic Church, while his statue, if attempted to be placed even beside that of Luther, would be pulled down, amid the cries and jeers of German iconoclasts. The author of German unity is denied the honors of the people he redeemed from barbarism, because, forsooth, he has had the title saint placed before his name by a church Krummacher, and his kind have learned to despise. When Mr. Krummacher said, "Boniface is the founder of German unity," then was the moment when either the Doctor's memory or his courage failed him, and he did not cry shame on those latterday Germans who seek, through their prime minister, to destroy the churches founded and the institutions established by Boniface and his disciples.

In all the speeches made, and the papers read by the German delegates, we have to see yet the first manly protest against the usurpations and persecutions of the Prussian "Four Laws." With all Mr. Krummacher's determination to speak good words for his church, he frankly confesses that "the Protestant Church (in Germany?) is not a church of theologians and ministers." Had any Catholic made such a damaging assertion, there would be a terrific hue and cry about the stigma thus sought to be attached to the German Church, but, in the face of his fellow-delegates and in presence of the Alliance and thousands of listeners, Mr. Krummacher declares that his church is not controlled by "*theologians and ministers*;" rather, as St. Paul expresses it, but Mr. Krummacher forgot to state, each one is "driven about by every wind of doctrine," and many seeking to unravel things, "hard to be understood," do so "to their own perdition." The members of the Alliance asked no questions, but gravely assented, by their silence, to the opinion of the church in Germany as given by one "who had been there." Thus we might review the state of religion in every country from which delegates were present, showing that in all lands, by the delegates' admissions, the result of the reign of Protestantism has been to produce infidelity.

The Dean of Canterbury, Very Rev. Dr. R. Payne Smith, with the souvenirs of English ale and porter still lingering within him, said something which he thought very funny. "*We are*," said he, "*little pitchers, and cannot contain all the truth, for it is too vast.*" . . . "Where minds are differently constituted we must have different opinions. It is well it is so. If we all had the same shapes I might go home and find some other man exactly like myself claiming my place as Dean of Canterbury." It would be

no joke to lose such a fat position, and we can readily conceive that this hearty Englishman would not get out of the scrape as well as Lord Scatterbrain in "Handy Andy," who had to discover whether he was himself or somebody else. The same reverend gentleman delivered an address on "Unity consistent with Diversity," which to our mind is about the same as saying that black to John may be white to Peter, or that harmony may be found in discord, having it thus like in the play "As You Like It." Among the inconsistencies which the reverend gentleman mentioned, was "whether we approve of it or not, evidently a diversity of opinions is a necessity of men's condition." We take the Dean's term "opinions" as equivalent for him to our terms convictions or belief. The Dean is aware that man's *present condition* is the result of original sin, and that man must, through the grace of God, counteract and remove the effects of this transgression. Among these effects we have "darkness of understanding." Hence, we must seek light outside of ourselves. This light must proceed from above, or in other words from God, "who can neither deceive nor be deceived," and who is the same to-day, yesterday, and always; whose truths like Himself are one and immutable—leaving no room for diversity in this unity, and binding on all, from the Dean of Canterbury to the hundreds of thousands of colliers who, through the neglect of the Dean's church, never see either the light of day or hear of the light of heaven.

Rev. F. W. Conrad, of Philadelphia, in his paper on "Interchange of Pulpits," says, "Fidelity to the truth of God required the entire separation of the Protestants from the Church of Rome, and consistency demands that there be no interchange of pulpits with the priests and prelates of that corrupt

church." This is about as necessary advice to us as it would be to have a law passed forbidding "all whom it may concern" to expose themselves to snake-bite. Wait, Mr. Conrad, before refusing, till you are invited to a "communion of saints."

Rev. Dr. H. Wilkes, of Montreal, allowed his emotions to overcome his intentions by admitting that it would be very little use "to make them (the Canadians) Protestants unless we make them Christians!" which goes to show, on the authority of the Montreal delegate, that converts may be one without becoming the other, to all of which the most ardent Catholic wishes nothing added.

There are some things so supremely ridiculous that even when most disposed to applaud, an audience will persistently refuse to give any signs of appreciation. Such seems to have been the case when Dr. Lorriaux, of Paris, ventured the preposterous assertion that Archbishop Darboy, of Paris, before he was shot sent for a distinguished Episcopalian clergyman, Dr. Forbes, and "there is every reason to believe that his faith was changed through the ministrations of that clergyman." Nothing easier in the world than to have produced Dr. Forbes's evidence. That gentleman would never have kept back so choice a morsel of information from his Protestant friends. The distinguished clergyman's silence on so prominent a topic is quite sufficient proof that no change was made in the martyr-bishop's faith.

Doctor McCosh, of Princeton, is not as much at home in dealing with Darwinism as he is in the more meritorious work of inducing his rich friends to found professorships in his celebrated seminary. He, and Principal Dawson, of McGill College, Montreal, attacked the author of "Man's Descent," with what result we leave others to state. The New York papers expected

much from these divines. Let us hear what report was given after the case had been heard.

The *Herald* and *Graphic* both complain loudly. The former says that while attacking Catholicism the "Fathers" were at home, and felt their ground secure. The *Graphic* thus wails over the evident discomfiture of the delegates, after their tilt with the Apostle of Evolutionism:

... "It is enough to state the fact that there is a widespread feeling, that the tendencies and results of modern science, the habits of mind it fosters, and the direction and impetus it gives to human thought are hostile to the faith 'once delivered to the saints.' And the fact that the Alliance classed science among the antagonists of Christianity proves that its members shared the prevailing impression.

"It is a matter of profound regret that the treatment of this important and intensely interesting topic by the Alliance was so unsatisfactory. It failed from its inadequacy. No one of the speakers seemed to be fully prepared to deal with the theme in its length and breadth and depth. Dr. McCosh, certainly a very able and learned theologian, treated the delegates to a popular and highly imaginative discourse, which spent its force—so far as it had any argumentative value—in attacking Darwinism. But he had no facts with which to confront Mr. Darwin's hypothesis. He adduced no array of evidence with which to turn the balance of probability against that plausible theory. He merely asserted that had not been proved, which Mr. Darwin frankly admits. He dwells at length on the problems that science has not solved and the mysteries it has not unravelled, as though these disprove its discoveries and declarations; moreover, his whole treatment of the subject makes it uncertain whether he regards science as a foe to faith, or a neutral party working in another field on its own account, and only apparently opposed for the time being; or whether he has mastered the philosophy which he seems to confound with Darwinism, which is merely a branch of the greater tree. Dr. Hodge, the able and scholarly theologian, asked repeatedly what Darwinism is, and showed by his attempts to deal with it that he was striking an unknown enemy in the dark. Dr. Dawson evinced more familiarity with the superficial as-

pects of the question, but somehow failed to throw any new light into its deep places, and confined himself to a statement of the difficulties that Darwinism does not solve, and its deficiency of positive proof, and the larger demands it makes for faith than the doctrines it supplants. Dr. Speis urged no fact or argument that told directly against the hypothesis which all seemed to regard as the Goliath of the Philistines, whose complete armor and mighty sword could be overcome only by smooth stones from a shepherd's sling, and whom they accordingly assailed with a shower of these harmless missiles. *Reviewing the whole discussion in a cool and impartial way, it is impossible not to feel that it has proved signally unsatisfactory.*"

What effect Dr. Dorner's tirade against infallibility and the Pope may have had on the Alliansers report sayeth not, but what Professor Roswell D. Hitchcock thought of it may be inferred from his first utterances when called upon to follow Professor Dorner. He felt bound to state that "we need, all of us, a greater charity." "Why," asks Professor Hitchcock, "why, on a Protestant platform, this elaborate criticism (Dorner's)? Why this concern of ours about the doings of the Vatican Council? Why so much of our programme given up to the Roman Catholic question? . . . It would be idle to say that we are not alarmed. . . The Roman Catholic Church of to-day is simply the Latin church of the middle ages, which has kept going on till now." The same church! But a previous orator had declared that this same church of the middle ages had for her mission to civilize Germany! How will Dr. Dorner get over this? Professor Kraft, another foreigner, gave specimens of his logical acumen by thundering invectives against the German Catholic prelates who refused to bolt against the decisions of the Vatican Council. He first asserts that the Bishops declared it as their belief, founded on the promises of Christ, that "we solemnly declare that, *First*, The Ecumenical Council will never

proclaim any doctrine which is not contained in the Holy Scriptures, or in the tradition of the Church; and that, *Secondly*, The Council will not proclaim any new or different doctrines from those which by faith and conscience are inscribed on the hearts of all people, and which having been considered sacred by Christian nations throughout all time, are now and ever the basis upon which the welfare of states and the freedom of nations rest."

The Bishops could not be Catholics and believe otherwise. Such convictions belong to the very nature of an Ecumenical Council. "Yet," continues Professor Kraft, "these same German Bishops prostrated themselves under popish tyranny, and this at a time when, after the battle of Sedan, the whole German people felt exalted BEYOND MEASURE, and when the unity of the German Empire, the aim of long and patient efforts, was reached at last." We fail to see that because the Prussians defeated the French, the German Bishops should revolt against Rome; as natural would it be because the English had defeated the French, the former should declare a religious war against Russia. The German Prelates know their own business quite well enough to need any of Professor Kraft's suggestions. They have shown their honesty by accepting as doctrines of the Church what the Council decided. What is there wonderful in stating that a *body* which is infallible, and was always treated as claiming such by the Protestant world, should further define this doctrine by stating that what at all times belonged to the body had never been refused to the head?

"It cannot storm always," says a proverb. After Dr. Kraft's rhodomontade, we find Dr. Storrs's paper, "Rome's Appeal to Educated Protestants." We make a few extracts, as a relief to the stock

article previously furnished us by the brethren. Favorable as his views and statements are, he has the manliness to frankly confess that in accounting for conversions to the Catholic Church his answer must be imperfect, "since," says he, "I am not in any sense a Romanist." Of the feelings of these converts, he remarks :

"They do not feel cramped, or limited, or overborne by this divine authority in the Church! They feel quickened, invigorated, exalted by it, because holding themselves assured of the truth by the very voice of God speaking in tenderness, not through the trumpet or the earthquake, but through the consenting voices of consecrated men. . . . Then, with all their forces of attraction, the Roman Catholic Church is a vast, venerable, historic organization—of unequalled age, of immense extent—whose history appears, to those whom it attracts, the one sublimest thing on earth; inexplicable except in the supposition of its divine origin. It is to them the Church of the apostles, the Church of the catacombs, where the new Christian kingdom was working underground, to overthrow and replace the empire of Rome. It is the Church of the Fathers, the Church of the great councils, before which were lowered imperial shadows, to whose decisions faction bowed, and whose creed and decrees have governed and assimilated the universe of Christendom. It is the Church of the middle ages, which built cathedrals, organized crusades, established libraries, civilized barbarians, liberated slaves, preserved learning, laws, and arts, subjected barons, converted and ruled the haughtiest kings, and which has since sent forth its heroic and conquering fathers to the ends of the world—*'ad majorem Dei gloriam.'* It seems to them to-day the only power which nothing, in fact, centrally disturbs; the only one which can check infidelity, rule the licentious wills of men, subdue and inspire the tough and refractory human intellect, and preserve and ennoble human society; the only one which science cannot shake, or the fierce antagonisms of secular interests override and destroy. The supremacy of the spiritual order in the world seems to them supreme in it, and in it alone. Secure itself from all assault, it judges the world."

At this period of the Doctor's magnificent oration the foreign

delegates, especially the German portion, became restless. The Doctor, perceiving this, threw them a small bone to pick, thus :

"Of course, we hold that much of this is unhistorical, purely fanciful; that it is the Gospel, as a living force, working apart from, and often directly against, the hierarchy, which has done the best part of this, and that the history of the Church as an organization is marked by bigotries, pride, persecution, license; by inquisitors like Torquemada; by Prelates and Pontiffs like the Borgias and the Medicis. But to those minds whose attitude toward it I am seeking to present, the different aspect is the one which it offers, and often they are profoundly impressed by it."

All the German delegates who snuff here took a vigorous pinch, and set themselves for more of Dr. Storrs's after-thoughts, but he disappointed them, and returned to his former style, thus :

"Then it appeals to them by its cordial relations to all the fine arts—music, painting, sculpture, architecture,—to whatever impresses most, and delights the senses and the tastes. Its cathedrals are the wonders of the world, mountains of rockwork set to music. Its elaborate, opulent, mighty masses make the common hymn-tunes of Protestantism sound like the twittle of sparrows amid the mighty rush and wail of concentrating winds. Its ritual is splendid, scenic, and impressive to the highest degree, and all is exquisitely pervaded and modulated by the doctrine which underlies it. Every service, every vestment, even, is full of significance. Nothing is too ornate or magnificent to be incorporated at once with its majestic and superb ceremonial. It moves as it fights, like an army with banners. Now, to one who wants his whole æsthetic nature gratified and educated in his worship, who accepts this nature as from God, and feels its subtle impulses demanding a lawful and large domain, this attraction is very powerful, while the occasional attempts of ambitious high-churchmen to emulate that which the blundering genius of many centuries and lands has produced are to him (the convert) simply ludicrous—like representing the walls of Warwick castle in cake and sugar, or building an edifice like St. Peter's of scantling and boards. . . . We must not look only, often as we do, on the sombre and sterile side of Romanism, if we would

understand its power. We must see and feel that there are aspects of it in which, to those who regard it with admiring and attentive eyes, it looks more beautiful than a poet's dream, while as solid and commanding as the very and only temple of God."

In his paper on "Irish Support of the Churches," Rev. T. Y. Killen, of Belfast, complains that "many . . . withhold their contributions, on the plea that *they must see what the doctrine of the Church is before they will give their money for its support.*" The Protestants look upon religion in Ireland as a commodity. They are quite right in seeing if the article be worth the price.

Prof. Fisher, of Yale College, was pleased to admit that "in the disposition to minister to poverty and to the various forms of physical distress, Roman Catholics, be it said to their honor, *vie* with Protestant Christians." The term "*vie*" was rather tame for Prof. Fisher to use at that particular time. What of Shreveport and Memphis? Did Sisters of Charity and those terrible Inquisition folks, the Dominicans, and those enemies of the liberties of our beloved country, the Jesuits, did all these only *vie* with their Protestant Christian brethren? How many ministers died at the bedside of the yellow fever patients? As for the part the Church has had in liberating slaves, lessening the horrors of war, bettering the condition of the laboring classes, all of which Prof. Fisher claims the Protestant Church alone has done, it may be well to ask the Professor if he has ever heard of the historical fact known as "The Truce of God;" if he ever read of Bishops releasing their slaves; or if he ever was told of the numerous societies in France, directed by Bishops, whose object is the amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes? It will require no expert fisher to strike out more than a dozen flaws in history, and ten times that many fal-

sities in principle from the lengthy essay of the Yale Professor. We cannot look upon Mr. Fisher's insinuation, that Catholics only "*vie*" with Protestants in acts of charity, in any other sense than an insult to the reputation of the Sisters who tended our wounded, and the priests who absolved the dying during our late war. Nor can we "*curry*" the favor of Protestants by allowing that, with all their efforts, they yet "*vie*" with our Catholic charitable institutions.

Speaking of currying favor makes us think of Prof. Curry, of Richmond, whose treatment by the Alliance makes us dubious of the freedom of speech granted in that venerable body. It was mutually agreed that, as far as consistent with truth, as understood by each, neutral ground would be preserved. The same was not understood of questions of fact by Prof. Curry. Hence, when called upon to read a paper on "Church and State," he did so in good old-fashioned style, and began by unclothing, and next flaying, that venerable institution known as the "Established Church." He did this as a genuine Celt would do. Not being eels, "twice flayed," the churchmen felt nervous, and Prof. Curry was tinkled into silence despite the uproarious calls of the people to "Go on." We read of someone having been drowned in a cask of malmsey wine, but the Alliance drowned Prof. Curry's paper amid the sounds of some hymn, of which we forget the name. This circumstance reminds us of the fable of the rat that wished to persuade all his companions to cut off their tails. It was discovered that the orator was already minus his own, whereupon they did seize and drive out the deceiver. Like this, but reversing the fable, were the Alliance. All had consented to remove any hanging doctrines or opinions, that peace might be made, and when Dr. Curry, with

inexplicable pertinacity, refused to have his tail cut off, the whole Alliance, headed, we suppose, by Dr. Brown, the Darwinian, drove him out, notwithstanding that the people insisted Curry looked better with his caudal appurtenance than any of his momentarily tailless partners.

We venture the assertion that should Drs. Curry and Storrs hereafter become Catholics, *Harper's Weekly* will insist that the Jesuits engaged the two gentlemen to bring discredit and disunion in the Alliance.

"Bringing coal to Newcastle" was illustrated in Mr. Berkley's paper on "Roman Catholic Missions in Ireland." He gives us to understand that Ireland has been set to thinking on seeing "France fallen; Austria renouncing the Concordat; Italy prospering in the face of the excommunication; free churches in Spain and Rome; the old Catholic movement in Germany," &c.

The Irish would have to be the most ignorant people on earth did they not think in the face of such recent events. They have been thinking; as a result, they have dedicated a magnificent cathedral in the see of St. Patrick; they have headed "Home Rule" with the honored name of that grand warrior, Archbishop McHale, and have given England to understand that her gold having brought about part of all these evils, Ireland means, at the first opportunity, to release herself from the grasp of a country culpable of such doubly dyed political atrocities.

In response to all the papers on home and foreign missions, it will suffice to remind the gentlemen that "faith comes by hearing," and not by reading. Besides, the author of the "Comedy of Convocation" shows conclusively in his "Christian Missions" that the distribution of bibles is chiefly advantageous to

four classes of persons—to the printers at home; the grocers abroad; to those needing a cheap article of lining for their houses; and to the poor who stuff their shoe soles with the Word of God, thus always walking on, if not in, the word of the law.

"Modern Literature and Christianity" is a paper which cannot be dismissed with a word; we promise ourselves the pleasure of referring to it hereafter.

Henry Ward Beecher spoke on several occasions, we believe, during the sessions of the Alliance, and afterwards in front of Independence Hall, in Philadelphia. He had jovially remarked, previously, to the delegates, that in this Hall we had happily succeeded to separate ourselves from them; and in one of his addresses in Brooklyn, if we mistake not, he said that they all looked happy, and he was sure they all had reason to feel happy. It has not been with any view to disturb their after-happiness that we have penned these lines. We are glad they had a good time generally. Apart from the oft-repeated falsehoods of their historical papers, and the remarkable want of depth in their philosophical essays, we do not complain. In return for all the information and amusement the Alliance has afforded us, we present to the militant members thereof the following words for consideration: "The Lord will repay them abundantly that act proudly." "No hypocrite shall come before His presence." "He that loveth not his brother whom he seeth, how can he love God whom he seeth not;" and "Thy mouth doth abound with evil; sitting, thou didst speak against thy brother." To those who said all the evil *they believed*, and at the same time *some of the good they knew about us*, as Catholics, we say, by way of encouragement, "whilst we have time, let us work good to all men."

SISTER MARY PATRICIA, S. N. D.

(Buried November 25th, 1871.)

THE tinted convent sun-rays fall,
Like flowerets, on her funeral pall,
Who answers to the Spouse's call.

My beauteous one! My love! My dove!
No longer in the desert rove:
Come to thy Bridegroom's home above.

But who is she from earth thus torn,
On sweet Saint Catherine's festive morn?
Like her by angels upward borne.

One on whose fair brow shone the kiss
Of Heaven, whose soft eyes shed the bliss
Of a *Mater Admirabilis*.

A gentle spirit, trusting, free,
Unconscious of simplicity
As singing bird on summer tree.

Transplanted from the world's rude gaze,
In sweet content she passed her days,
A floweret in Christ's garden ways.

Her labor, with artistic plume,
To decorate some beauteous tome,
With rare device and varied bloom.

Just as the holy monks of old
Would ornament, with grace untold,
The blest Evangel's parchment scrolled.

While overhead, though* unseen then,
The angel with a golden pen
Who notes the saintly deeds of men,

In letters gloriously bedight,
With Heaven's fadeless lustre bright,
Her name wrote in the book of light.

Her sponsal cycle now gone round
Who saints with pictured aureoles bound,
In turn is with them glory crowned.

CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

NOTE.—The above poetical tribute, originally written for private circulation, is now by desire printed for the benefit of the numerous friends and pupils of the deceased lady, who was a member of the community of Notre Dame of Namur, West Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia. She was remarkable for her taste and skill in illuminating and decorating books and parchments. She died on the anniversary of her vows, November 23d, and was buried on St. Catherine's day, hence the allusion in the third and last stanzas of the poem.

THE O'DONNELLS OF INNISMORE, OR THE TWO MARYS.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD VETERAN AND THE FRAULEIN MARIA.

THE shadows of the early winter evening were beginning to fall, veiling in obscurity the city of Coblenz, the high and mighty fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, so vast in its extent, spreading far and wide over the rock facing the city on the contrary side of the river, looming down in all its gloomy grandeur on the scene beneath. But not with Coblenz or its fortress have we to do; but follow with us, gentle reader, the steps of an aged priest, who threads his way in the gray of the winter evening to a lowly hamlet in the environs of the town. Amongst the humble cottages which composed the hamlet were scattered here and there a few pretty villas or cottages of a better kind than those around them, though at the same time, they were entirely free from any pretensions to elegance. To one of these the priest directed his steps, and his summons for admission was answered by a young German lady, whose countenance, though far from handsome, was, nevertheless, pleasing, for it contained great sweetness of expression, and was shaded by a glittering mass of rich brown hair. Withal, however, there was a cast of sadness on the face of Maria Flohrberg, as she returned the kindly greeting of her visitant, and led him into the little sitting room of her humble home, in which was seated a veteran officer, whom the chances of war had deprived of his right arm, and whose weather-beaten countenance was more impaired by the hardships of his life

than by the hand of time; beside him was seated an elderly lady, work in hand, and about the room gambolled some three or four young children, whose ages varied from ten to fourteen years, happy in the youth that as yet knew not care, or if perchance it did,—for the children of the poor *must* share the sorrows of their kindred,—still, at that early age, they knew not grief for long; their sorrow is evanescent as the shower of an April day.

But there was no mistaking the fact; the impress of some deep care was unmistakably sealed on the brows of the elder members of the family. And the cause of this care arose from the griping poverty which had long fallen on the family of Herr Flohrberg.

“Be seated, I pray you,” said the veteran, addressing the clergyman, and welcoming him to his poor abode; “be seated, and tell me to what happy chance I owe the pleasure of this visit.”

“Simply because I have seen an advertisement of a situation which it may suit our good Maria to inquire more about,” replied the priest. “I have heard her say she wished to go to England, and if you really think you can part with her, it strikes me this may suit.”

The mother said not a word, but her work dropped from her hands, and a deep-drawn sigh told of the grief which would be hers should her daughter leave her. The old officer took off his spectacles and wiped them, muttering a few half inaudible words as to the darkness of the day, but the poor Frau knew that her husband's eyes were humid with a tear; and Maria herself stood a little apart, her first surprised look having faded away into

a glance expressive both of hope and fear combined.

Maria herself was the first who had the courage to speak.

"A liberal salary!" said she, as, stepping half timidly forwards, she glanced at the paper from which the priest read; "a liberal salary, why that would do very much; it would help you both, my dearest mother and father, and it would buy shoes and clothing for Mina and Gustave and Adolf, and over and above all this, would help to support Lotchen, still not so old as to be unable to assist my mother in her daily work."

"I cannot part with you, Maria, child, indeed I cannot," said the poor mother, now fairly overcome, whilst the Herr Flohrberg, with the left hand which fortune had still left him, wiped both eyes and spectacles more vigorously than ever, and muttered between his closed teeth divers impatient speeches as to the inequalities of fortune,—he having been overlooked as to promotion in the service of his country,—and the pain he felt at the thought that a daughter of his should be obliged to go to a foreign country and seek her bread among strangers.

Maria, however, was nothing shaken in her resolution either by the tears of her mother, or the sensitive pride of her father, but, taking the paper from the hand of the clergyman, copied out the address, thanked him warmly for the trouble he had taken in her behalf, and then, advancing to her parents, she took a hand of each within her own, saying.

"Dearest parents, this separation will not be eternal. Have you not both grieved, especially you, mother, at the sternness of the poverty which you knew, sooner or later, would enforce this parting? I too, oh believe me, I too, shall feel it, but I go to earn for you that which will make your home more pleasant,

and to add a few slender comforts under your many trials. I have now your permission, have I not?" added Maria, with a faint effort at a smile; "if so, as our good friend returns to Coblenz, I will put myself under his protection, and come back early in the morning."

"And what would you at Coblenz, my child?" replied the veteran; "not to seek the lady of General O'Donnell, I hope. Nay, nay, Maria, their friendship must not be put so sorely to the test. I forbid you to visit Coblenz for such a purpose as that you think of."

"Nay then," said Maria, "it must even be that my design must be abandoned; for of a truth, unless the General or his lady have the heart to help me, I must be a burden to you instead of a help."

"Charity never faileth, my friend," said the priest, addressing the old officer; "the General and his wife will help Maria, if in their power, and I will see her safely as far as Coblenz."

But the father's permission was with difficulty obtained, and it is doubtful whether it would ever have been given but for the intercession of the clergyman; and, all his objections finally overruled, Herr Flohrberg at last yielded his consent.

With a rapid pace then they wended their way out of the quiet village, and advanced in the dusk of the winter evening, through many an intricate and tortuous labyrinth to the city of Coblenz. To a somewhat elegant building, to the owner of which General O'Donnell was a visitor, they bent their steps; but a disappointment awaited Maria: neither himself nor his lady were at home; they had accepted an invitation given by an officer at that time residing in the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, and, to add to her distress, she found they would both be absent for perhaps more than a week.

"It is now too late for you to go

to the fortress to-night," said the good-natured master of the house, on beholding the nervous anxiety of Maria, and the dejected expression of her countenance when aware of the absence of her friends. "It is much too late, so my daughter Amelia will make you welcome here for the night, and as soon as the morning sun hath risen, an early breakfast shall be ready for you, and you can then make your way on to the fortress."

With many thanks Maria accepted the friendly offer, and after accepting the hospitality of Amelia, to whom she was well known, retired to the comfortable bed-room which had been prepared for her, to dream of sad farewells and of an English home and stranger faces.

Excitement, however, rendered her restless and disturbed, and long before she was summoned in the morning by the pretty little sou-brette who attended on Amelia, she had performed the duties of the toilet, and had for some time anxiously awaited the summons to breakfast.

The morning meal over, Maria, all anxiety to get over the unpleasant affair she had on hand, namely, the appeal she had resolved to make to the kindness of an oft-tried friend, set off on her visit to the fortress.

It was a fine bright morning, and the rays of the sun lighted up the rocks, crowned by walls and ramparts, frowning down in gloomy and imposing grandeur on the placid waters of the Rhine, and the still quiet city, and bestowing an air of grave and stern security upon the whole domain. Walls rising above walls, ramparts above ramparts, gulfs and precipices on the very verge of the horizon, whilst here and there were seen the sentinels placed at regular intervals, their helmets flashing brightly in the rays of the morning sun.

But let us accompany Maria to

a portion of the interior of the fortress inhabited by one of the officers who, with his wife, were for the time being the host and hostess of General O'Donnell, himself long in the service of Austria. Sombre indeed, and in perfect keeping with the exterior of the fortress, was the room into which Maria Flohrberg was ushered. Small casements placed in the massive walls showed little beyond, save frowning rocks, towers, and ramparts, and in the distance the spires of the churches of Coblenz; the furniture was heavy, and an air of severe simplicity reigned around. Not long was Maria left in suspense, for a venerable lady entered the room, and the former placed in her hand the paragraph she had cut from the paper containing the advertisement, and in broken sentences and a blush upon her brow, asked "would Mrs. O'Donnell help her, she would so faithfully repay her out of her first quarter's salary? yet," she added, "I know, Madame, how heavily I tax your friendship; we owe yourself and the General so much."

"Poor child, surely I will not desert you now," said the lady; "remain here awhile, Maria, and I will tell the General the cause of your visit."

Thus speaking, she withdrew, and Maria, full of excitement and hope, paced up and down the spacious apartment, till the heavy, measured footsteps of the old General sounded on her ear.

The chances of war had spared Gerald O'Donnell. True it is that every bullet hath its commission, for, whilst poor Flohrberg had lost his arm, his friend had escaped unscathed, beyond, perhaps, a few scars. He numbered some seventy years, but his fine tall form had not yet bent beneath their weight; his hair flowed down upon his shoulders, white as the driven snow, as well as his beard; his countenance still retaining the

freshness of perfect health, and lighted up by a pair of keen black eyes, the glance of which was as piercing as when in the days of his early youth he was wont to wander amongst the glens and valleys of his own old home—the seat of his ancestors—the ancient Castle of Innismore. With a kindly look and a warm welcome the General approached Maria, exclaiming,

“My good Adelheid has been telling me, Maria, that you wish to answer an advertisement, and that if you are engaged you will need money for your outfit and for your expenses.”

“And I will repay you out of my quarter’s salary, sir,” stammered forth Maria; “we have had so much from you, and I assure you I could not have asked you this favor had I not known it was in my power to return it.”

“Maria, my poor girl,” said the good General, “I never *lend*; what you require I shall *give* you.”

Maria would, to own the truth, sooner have had the benefit conferred in the way she had asked, but she well knew it were vain to remonstrate, for that this was one of the General’s peculiarities; he would do a good action in his own fashion, but did not like to be interfered with in the manner of conferring it.

General O'Donnell was an excellent man, and one who, though reputed rich, practiced quietly, with his excellent wife, many an act of self-denial in order to give to others some of this world’s goods; the poor Flohrbergs had been more or less constantly receiving assistance from them, and the only sore feeling on the part of poor proud Herr Flohrberg was the unvarying remark that accompanied the General’s not unfrequent, nay, sometimes even weekly, remittances, “*What I send you is not a loan, but a gift.*” Oddly enough this was the only point on which the two

men were at issue. Flohrberg ever ready, nothing loath to borrow, if only allowed to fancy the obligation under which he lay lessened by considering it as a loan, which his own sanguine temperament led him to believe he would one day be in a position to return; the General knowing full well that his oft-repeated remittances were, in the true sense of the word, *gifts*, as Flohrberg never could have it in his power to repay them, felt, perhaps, a species of satisfaction in insisting on placing things on their right level and calling them by their right names.

Maria, knowing, then, the character with whom she had to deal, said no more as to repayment, but expressed warmly the gratitude she really felt.

“Write at once to England,” said the General, “and as soon as you have the engagement, come to me for the sum you require. I only wish it were Ireland that you were going to visit; my brother, the O'Donnell of Innismore, would make you welcome, Maria; and my niece Mary and yourself would soon be good friends; however, the day may yet come when you may meet and speak to her of old times and old friends whom you have left behind at Coblenz.”

Her eyes moist with tears, Maria took her leave, and hastened on her homeward way, in order to pen an epistle to the English lady.

We will here pause to say a few words of the families of the O'Donnells and the Flohrbergs, to whom we have introduced our readers.

The General was the younger son of an old Irish family whose ancestral home was fast falling to decay, but whose hospitality survived the wreck of their fortunes. Early in life he had chosen the profession of arms, served in the Austrian army, and signalized himself to such an extent as to rise to the high post he at present held.

None, however, but those who were honored by his friendship recked of the soft, warm heart that beat under that rough exterior. But his life had been a prosperous one; he was honored and respected by those amongst whom his lot was cast, and in the course of time married the only daughter of an Austrian officer of high rank. Flohrberg had served long under his command, his misfortunes alone being sufficient to insure for him a share in the esteem and friendship of the good General, who was ever ready to come to his aid, as we have already shown in the interview between Maria Flohrberg and himself.

With much anxiety did Maria await the coming of the letter from the English lady, and when in due course of time it arrived, and its contents proved satisfactory, she hastened to claim the fulfilment of the General's promise.

With Maria's nimble fingers a very short time was necessary to put her modest wardrobe in order. As to the poor Frau, she wept incessantly, as did also the younger members of the family, between whom and Maria there existed a vast disparity as to age, the eldest of the young ones being but fourteen years old, while the elder daughter was twenty-eight. Leave we, then, Maria to bid farewell to her kindred, friends, and country, with as good heart as she may; it will be long ere she beholds them again, for sad and sorrowful, and heavy laden with trial and care, will be that poor maiden's heart ere again she sees those kind faces, or hears the loved voices of her early friends.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS. AN UNPLEASANT RECEPTION.

BRIGHTLY gleam the lights in a pleasant English mansion, whilst fairy-like strains of music float

down the long avenue of elm and poplar and lordly oak, which screen from vulgar gaze the dwelling of one of England's merchant princes. All is bustle and confusion without and within, and amidst a throng of gay equipages, and to the confusion of its occupant—for the hour is very late and the scene so novel—a cab draws up, with a small and modest-looking trunk at the top, and a very pale but not unprepossessing face peers nervously out from the open window, then the gray eyes are raised to that moonlit starry vault above, and the lips move, it may be in a silent prayer that her advent hither may be a happy one, and at the same time the right hand is placed upon the little heart which throbs so wildly at this first entree alone and uncared for, save by a few in the little world at Coblenz. Alone! oh, how much do not those words imply, fair reader; bless your happy fortune if independence be thine, or if not, if there be a strong hand and willing heart to work for you and save you this rough contest with a hard world, which seems determined that ladies shall find but few avenues for their exertions, and the few which do exist unmonopolized by the stronger sex shall sometimes be made disagreeable enough.

But to return; almost unheeded, alas, was our friend, Maria, as she descended from the cab, and asked, in accents of broken English, which fell trippingly from her tongue, if she could see Madame Montague.

"See Mrs. Montague, to-night," said a powdered lacquey, in accents of unfeigned surprise. "Why, the very idea of that, now! I should rather think not, for sure, but if so be as you are the German governess, who cook was telling me was a-coming to the Hall, why, then, if you will be quick about the matter, I'll try and get speech of Miss Wilson, the lady's maid, and you can

go to her room, you see, till she be at liberty to see you."

Poor Maria, how rudely was her hope of sympathy and of kindly welcome dashed aside at this uncourteous reception. She knew that Mrs. Montague was aware of the exact time of her arrival, that she had just come off a most fatiguing journey, a friendless stranger, weary, tired, needing refreshment for the body, and rest for the aching frame, yet, there had evidently been not one kindly thought for *her*, and the tears already welled up in poor Maria's eyes, as she thanked the man, ungracious as was his manner, and followed him, and the servant who carried her trunk, through several long passages which led them to one of the back staircases, "for," said the footman in a half apologetic manner, "you see, Miss, as how all the front of the house is filled with people as have come to the ball, and it would seem odd like if you came in their way."

Maria replied not, but followed the man till he stopped at the open door of a small room at the top of the stairs, on entering which, and whispering a few words to a person within, a showily dressed young woman stepped forward, and eyeing Maria superciliously from head to foot, she exclaimed, in a half petulant tone, "I'm sure, William, I don't know what to do with the young person. What an unfortunate thing, Miss, you should have come at a busy time like this," she added, turning to Maria as she spoke, "the house is full of company. Who can attend to a stranger, I should like to know? I told my lady she had best bid you not to come till next week; however, follow me, and I'll take you to the housekeeper's room, and you can sit down and wait for her if she is elsewhere."

It cost poor Maria much to keep down the tears which would rush to her eyes, but by a powerful effort she

forced them back again, and when she found that she could command her voice enough to speak, she said, very quietly and as if she was nothing moved by the coarse manner of her reception by the lady's maid, "I am sorry to have to trouble you, but shall feel obliged if you will kindly show me to the room I am to occupy. I am very weary, after my long journey, and do not wish that the housekeeper, who is, doubtless, very busy, should be disturbed on my account, and if—"

At this moment a light step sounded behind her, and the words, pronounced in a good-humored tone,

"Bless me, Wilson,* is this the young lady Mrs. Montague was saying would be here to-night?" fell upon Maria's ears.

"Yes, indeed," replied the first damsel, "and, as far as *I* dared, I spoke my mind to Mrs. Montague about the folly of the thing, but the mischief was already done. Ah, well; English governesses have never stayed long, as yet; I wonder if the German one will suit better."

"Cease your interference, Wilson, and leave me with the young lady," replied Mrs. Somers, whose good-tempered, benevolent countenance cheered the spirits of the poor Maria. Then, as she led the way, she added, "Unfortunately, for yourself, for I cannot see to your comfort as I would wish, you have arrived on the evening on which a large party has assembled, and Mrs. Montague is not very thoughtful, and merely told me that she fancied you would be here this week. A bedroom has been prepared, and that is all, but if you will come to my room there is a large fire, at which you can warm yourself and I will send you some refreshment, and then, though there is small chance that any one will sleep in this house till after four, or, perhaps, five o'clock, when the guests will all have gone, you may,

perhaps, like to go to bed. You will assuredly see none of the family to-night, not even the young ladies. The younger of the two is away from home, and the eldest one, who, I understand, is merely your pupil for German, is one of the company to-night."

As the good-natured housekeeper spoke thus, she drew an easy chair to the blazing fire, and insisted on helping Maria to divest herself of her bonnet and travelling garb, having done which, she bade her farewell for the present.

Maria clasped her hands together and continued buried in thought till the arrival of a servant with a tray, containing ham sandwiches and tea, roused her from her melancholy musings. She was faint from long fasting, for she had suffered intensely during the voyage, and gladly partook of the refreshments placed before her.

A heavy load was, however, at her heart, so little care or kindness had been shown by her employer as to her reception, added to which, the coarseness of the maid, Wilson, who spoke as a favorite and confidential servant, and had alluded to the frequent changes which had taken place with those ladies who had previously filled the place Maria was to occupy, served to depress and sadden her spirits; and she vainly strove to smile and look cheerful when the housekeeper re-entered, and, after a few moments' conversation, asked her would she like to be shown to her chamber.

Maria joyfully assented, and Mrs. Somers conducted her to a small but neatly furnished room, to which her boxes had been conveyed.

After the departure of Mrs. Somers, who promised to call her on the following morning, Maria amused herself by taking a survey of her apartment. Fairview was situated in a beautiful village, and, being built on an eminence, commanded a view of the surrounding country.

To sleep was impossible, for dancing was being kept up with spirit in the lower part of the mansion. This, and the merry strains of music would, she felt, effectually banish sleep, however weary the frame might be.

"Assuredly I should not have come to-night, but would have slept at an inn, had I any suspicion that a ball was being held," thought Maria to herself as she drew the curtain aside from her chamber window, and looked out on the scene beneath, first wrapping her shawl around her, for the night was intensely cold, and there was no pleasant fire in the stove to cheer her with its warmth.

The cold, white rays of the moon lighted up the open country beyond; the trees were glistening with hoar frost, the bushes gemmed with icicles, and on the dense mass of shrubbery beneath, on which the rays of the moon had not fallen, streamed the full, clear light, flashing from the ball and refreshment rooms, lighted up by hundreds of waxen tapers.

Afar in the distance rose many a tall chimney, marking the spots in which the mills were situated, mute evidences of the *then* prosperous state of the most flourishing of a commercial nation's counties.

Maria had heard much of the wealth of Manchester and its citizen princes, from General O'Donnell, as soon as the probability of her sojourn hither became known; she had heard, too, of the riches and the poverty, the luxury and the ease, and the labor and the discomfort which, she was told, would go side by side; she remembered that she was in the house of one of those merchant princes, and she thought that Fairview, even the very residence itself, mute instrument as it was in the hands of the architect, seemed to look patronizingly down on its poorer neighbors in the distant city.

And who *were* the Montagues? Who *should* they be, but very fortunate people, who, unlike the majority of those who are running the race in this work-day life of ours, and whose efforts meet too often with failure, had achieved a brilliant success. Mr. Montague had started during the most palmy days that Manchester ever saw, and he left many of his compeers struggling and toiling behind him, whilst he was already at the highest pinnacle of success. As far as virtue was concerned, we may safely add that, he was what the world terms *a good man*. He owed no man anything. In the days of his adversity he had worked very hard; in the time of prosperity he was ever ready to help those whom he had left far behind in the race. He was, in fact, an easy, good-natured, hospitable millionaire. We cannot say as much of his wife; little was known of that good lady's antecedents, and she was wont to shirk any inquiries on the part of her family and friends as to her early life; the very little that *was* known of her, being, that she had been companion to a lady at whose house Mr. Montague was visiting, and that, enamoured of her pretty face, he had made her his wife. As to Mrs. Montague, we are bound to say that the appendage she called her heart, was not much warmer than the smile that so often played on her beautiful mouth, but seldom or never broke into a laugh; her children themselves could scarcely be said to love her; and who should be her most faithful confidant and servile flatterer but the maid, Eliza Wilson.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST INTERVIEW. MARIA MAKES ACQUAINTANCE WITH MRS. MONTAGUE.

IT is the morning following the arrival of Maria. She wakes full early after such a night, but there

is no dear old Frau bending over the bedside, with her *guten morgen, meine liebe*, to her darling child. Mrs. Somers has not yet called her; but no matter, Maria dresses, without delay, in a tight-fitting robe of brown merino, with her abundant and fair brown hair parted over her open forehead, and then disposed of in braids behind the head; then Maria Flohrberg kneels to pray to Him who holds the hearts of all in His hands, begging Him to guide and protect her. To His gracious love she commends her thoughts, words, and actions, and rises from her knees a thought happier than before her prayer was offered. She opens her box and deposits in the drawers, placed for her use, the various articles it contains, ever and anon a tear rising to her eyes as she gazes on some mute token of affection from those she has left; there is a prayer-book from the good pastor who had brought her Mrs. Montague's advertisement, and she kisses with affectionate reverence the lines his hand has traced in the fly-leaf of the book; then there is a brooch from the old General, a silk dress from his wife, and her miniature, set in valuable pearls; a writing-desk from her father, who, amidst his poverty, would find the means to purchase this for his child; and a workbox from that dear mother whom Maria loves so well.

Sadly she lingers over each souvenir of affection, when Mrs. Somers tapped gently at the door, and evinced much surprise on finding that, notwithstanding the late hours, and, consequently, disturbed rest of the previous night, she had risen so early.

"I wish to tell you, Miss," said the good woman, "that I just had one word with Mrs. Montague last night; she inquired had you come, and told me to bring you to her boudoir at twelve to-day."

"I will be ready at the time you

name," replied Maria, also signifying her readiness to breakfast that morning in the housekeeper's room, as the ordinary apartment was in disorder, having been used on the previous evening, and after partaking of the comfortable meal Mrs. Somers placed before her, she retired again to her own room, till the hour fixed for her visit to Mrs. Montague.

Save the occasional footfalls of the wearied servants, and their movements whilst rearranging the apartments which had been required for various purposes on the previous night, there was no evidence of any of the family being up, till the hour named by Mrs. Somers, when, true to her time, the worthy dame presented herself, saying,

"Now, Miss, Mrs. Montague is dressed, and will be glad to see you if you will follow me."

Maria instantly rose, glancing, as she passed the glass, at her face, a thought paler than usual. For a moment she nervously placed her hand on her heart, but the next instant was as calm and composed as the lady she was about to meet.

Poor girl! she had been reared in poverty and seclusion, and if she gazed somewhat in bewilderment at the evidences of wealth which met her eye at every step, how much more so, when conducted into the luxurious boudoir of Mrs. Montague. The walls were hung with draperies of pale blue satin, festooned and looped with silver; the curtains were of the same costly material, and the ottomans and couches were covered with the same. Though the depth of winter, the choicest flowers of the conservatory adorned the costly vases of Sevres china; and tables of rich mosaic, overloaded with expensive articles of bijouterie, were scattered around, showing the want of a correct taste and refined mind, whilst on a low couch reclined the presid-

ing genius of the place, the wealthy Mrs. Montague. It was certainly not the awkwardness which vulgar persons experience when they are brought in contact with persons superior to themselves, or the foolish bewilderment of one unaccustomed to such scenes, which caused the confusion poor Maria felt at the moment she entered the lady's apartment, for she was naturally endued with a calm presence of mind, and that quiet dignified manner which all more or less of refined minds possess; but it had all suddenly vanished, and she stood in the lady's presence half hesitating, and for one moment irresolute whether to advance or not. Why this should be, she could not herself explain, but a sudden trembling seemed to seize her whole frame; it seemed to her as if some vision of the past had been conjured up, as if she had seen that face before; it was strange, but so it was. Was it in her dreams? Was it in her early infancy? Where?—when?—how? she asked herself in the short two minutes that elapsed as she stood irresolute and trembling in the lady's presence.

The dream was dispelled, shall we not add, for we are faithful chroniclers, disagreeably so, by the voice of Mrs. Montague, who, half rising on her couch, stared at Maria with surprise, and then exclaimed, with a touch bordering on the satirical in the tone in which she spoke,

"Miss Flohrberg, I suppose. You must permit me to say, that you prepossess me with no very good opinion as to your ability, or power of communicating a proper *maintien* to my daughters; how extremely *gauche* is the manner in which you have behaved."

Poor Maria felt the rebuke, the more so because she knew she must have looked very much like some awkward, silly school-girl, and she

also felt that she had to do with a severe unfeeling woman; and, striving to conquer the unpleasant feeling, and the strange idea which had caused her confusion, she advanced, with something of her usual self-possession, and faltered out a few words of apology.

Who could look on that candid and open countenance of Maria Flohrberg, and not feel that it carried with it a letter of recommendation? And so it was that even the hard Mrs. Montague softened, and, pointing to a chair, requested her to be seated.

Can there be a more terrible ordeal than for a sensitive, high-spirited, and, perhaps, well educated and accomplished woman, to be catechized by one who is herself grossly ignorant, but who, by virtue of her position, assumes the place of inquirer into things about which she knows nothing?

That Maria could not play *difficult* music at sight; that she could draw, but knew nothing of water-colors, or painting in oil; and that she could not sing at all, was sufficient for her employer; and, fixing her eyes full on the ingenuous, truth-telling, but unlovely countenance of the poor young German, she said, to the infinite horror of the latter,

"Well, Miss Flohrberg, you will consider yourself engaged for six months, though whether you will remain longer is doubtful, as you are, evidently, too unaccomplished to finish my younger daughter's education. And now there are some few things I wish to mention to you. I must request that you hold no conversation with ladies' maids, or with the housekeeper, much less with any of the other servants; occasionally, when we are *quite* alone, which is rarely the case, by the way, you have permission to come into the library in the evening; at all other times you will remain in your own room. To-

morrow morning my youngest daughter will return, and her studies will commence immediately. I will order the housekeeper to place the books in the school-room, and you can employ yourself to-day in looking them over and making your own arrangements. I generally visit the school-room myself every morning, as I wish to see with my own eye how things are managed. So good-by for the present, and make yourself as comfortable as you can," said the lady, ringing a small bell which stood on a table beside her.

The servant who entered was told to conduct Miss Flohrberg to the school-room, and, drawing a deep sigh, as if the weight of all this world's woes rested on her shoulders, the lady again reclined on her voluptuous couch, murmuring to herself,

"So strange a resemblance, but it cannot be; then, hers is a type of the true German countenance, plain enough, too, in all conscience; really ugly, were it not a little relieved by the deep blue eye, and rich brown hair." Thus speaking, the fair little woman again placed herself at her ease, and, in a few moments, was deep in the pages of the last new novel.

Let it not be imagined that the scene we have attempted to describe is other than a faithful record of the private dealings of some of those *apparently* amiable beings who have the power thus to torture their own sex. We speak, of course, only of those illiterate and narrow-minded persons whom dame Fortune has raised above their own proper position in life; not of the well-educated lady, who assumes not the post of an unfeeling catechist, and who knows by her *own* experience that one poor brain, over which, perhaps, a quarter of a century has scarcely passed, cannot, by any human possibility, be *well read, well informed*, speak three or

four languages, and be a brilliant pianist into the bargain. Alas, no; she is perfectly well aware, that those who profess so much, can frequently do the least, and are the mere female charlatans of a profession which not one in five hundred enter for the mere love of the thing.

It was not very likely, with such food for reflection, that our poor heroine could follow Mrs. Montague's advice, and "make herself comfortable." Again and again she reproached herself for the bashful awkwardness she had shown on entering the presence of the lady. And as often did she fancy, that somewhere, and connected, too, with some unpleasant far-off scene, she had beheld those features; and, sometimes, we are bound to admit, she almost felt nervous at the coming duties she had to discharge, so sharply had Mrs. Montague spoken, as to the nature of the accomplishments she possessed; the hard woman's severity increased by the very bashful timidity, which was, in truth, praiseworthy in the character of Maria, though prejudicial to her interests.

Painfully, too, did the conviction press on Maria's mind, that the education which enabled her to pass through life as a lady was not the one calculated for a governess. She could play very fairly, and, perfectly understanding the theory of music, had thought this quite sufficient; in the same manner with foreign languages, she could read and appreciate their beauties, for she was by no means wanting in talent; but her conversation with Mrs. Montague roughly dispelled the illusion, for she found she was required to speak those languages with which she was acquainted; now, she could only speak French and a little broken English. Such a woman as Mrs. Montague was the very worst into whose hands she could have fallen, for, if there were a weak point in those with

whom she had to deal, woe be to them; Mrs. Montague would never grant any truce, but would drag the defect unmercifully forward; and, if a dependent in any capacity whatever, a quarrel was sure to be the result.

Yes, we grant that the poor Fraulein *was* wanting, especially in general information; still, in her own country, or in England itself, as a private lady, she might have passed through life without reproach on the score of mental culture; perhaps she might have been thought a not *very* clever personage; a quiet woman with but little to say for herself, doing whatever she had to do silently, and well. And in what, reader, would she have been so very unlike you, or your humble servant? We are not all born to "set the Thames on fire" with our surpassing talents, you know, but, as the case now stood, it made our poor little German maid very miserable indeed, and, being one of your good and conscientious people, the thought uppermost in her poor mind was, "Have I done wrong? have I not undertaken that for which I was not qualified? Ah! why did I ever leave Coblentz? I am not clever, I am not accomplished, and I dread meeting again the cold, hard looks of that fine lady, in whose presence I felt so uneasy, even before she questioned me so harshly as to my accomplishments."

As Maria mused thus, blinding tears rushed to her eyes, and for a long while she wept on without an effort to control her grief; but the entrance of Mrs. Somers, who came somewhat abruptly, to announce dinner, which was to be served up in the study, helped to check her grief for a time, the good soul exclaiming,

"My word, Miss, your eyes are sadly swollen. Nay, don't take on so, you'll see all you love again, you know; you must not fret, for

sure. And, by the way, I had best tell you, Mrs. Montague is of a short temper, as we folks say when people are very hasty; but don't mind this, we all have a good scolding sometimes, no one escapes; so cheer up, don't fret about home, and to-morrow, when the young ladies are with you, and your hands are full of work, you'll feel happier."

Of this, however, Maria did not feel quite so confident, but endeavored to smile through her tears, thankful that she had, at least, one friend at Fairview.

Weary as was the day, it wore away at length, Maria passing much of her time in writing to those she loved, carefully concealing the causes she had for disquietude, the strange uneasiness she felt in the presence of Mrs. Montague, and the unpleasant tidings she had received from Mrs. Somers, as to her mistress's *short* temper; and then, having inquired her way to the post-office, she gladly embraced the opportunity of a stroll, by taking her letters herself. There was one person, however, to whom Maria had opened her mind, and this was to her kind friend the pastor Von Rosenheim; from him she concealed nothing, asking his advice, and begging his prayers.

On her return home she felt more composed; she had opened her heart to a tried friend who had never yet forsaken her, and, taking out her French and English books, she pored over them till the night was far advanced.

She retired to rest early, and passed a night of unbroken slumber, thoroughly worn out by the fatigues of her journey, the anxiety of her mind, and the disturbed rest of the previous night.

About ten the following morning Mrs. Montague entered the study, accompanied by her two daughters, Millicent and Alice, *herself*, to Maria's infinite surprise, arranging

the course of studies they were to pursue, and then left the school-room with the consoling intelligence that she would return in a couple of hours, and remain whilst Alice took her music lesson.

In a state of nervous agitation, certainly not at all calculated to inspire her pupils with a wholesome respect for their preceptress, she began the day's instructions. Miss Millicent, a tall, handsome girl of eighteen, looked far more womanly than her poor little timid governess, and Maria would have little chance of success, I think, if she had her for her pupil in anything but German, of which she knew but very little, but as this was the case she lent a willing ear and received her lesson with perfect good temper.

To the sweet little Alice, a young creature of scarce fourteen summers, Maria felt irresistibly drawn, there was something so docile, so meek, in the child's manner, that one might almost love her at first sight, and Fraulein felt that here there would be no difficulty, where, perhaps, she had apprehended the greatest.

True to her promise the dreaded Mrs. Montague came into the school-room, bringing with her a book, Maria well aware, although the lady never appeared to raise her eyes whilst she gave the little girl the music lesson, that the book was a mere pretext, for that Mrs. Montague's gaze was steadily fixed on her the whole time, and that her ears drank in all her instructions. The piece was a difficult fantasia, and Alice rather dull at music, there was room for patience, and, had Maria been untruthful in her assertion respecting what she said she knew of music, she would have betrayed herself, not indeed to the lady, who could play an easy waltz, or quadrille, but nothing more, but to Miss Millicent, who, Maria found a little later, was a brilliant performer.

CHAPTER IV.

FRAULEIN MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE. MRS. MONTAGUE TREATS HER HUSBAND TO AN AFTER-DINNER LECTURE.

AGREEABLY to the rule generally adopted in all families of position, Maria dined at what was in fact the luncheon of the elder members of the family, and a good substantial repast too it was, the tables of the Manchester gentry always being abundantly spread. Not yet, however, had Fraulein met the gentleman of the house, whom she wished, yet almost feared, to make acquaintance with, lest he should behave as disagreeably as his lady. In the afternoon, however, as Alice and herself rambled into the town, she observed a good-natured, stout gentleman (do not all stout gentlemen look more or less good-natured?) standing at the entrance of a huge manufactory with a tall, high chimney looking as if it would like to run a race up into the clouds. This was one of Mr. Montague's mills, and Alice made Fraulein aware as to who the gentleman was, by catching hold of her dress and exclaiming, "Look, look, Fraulein, there is papa. Come with me and let me introduce you to him; you know you have not seen him yet."

There could be nothing to fear from the owner of that benevolent countenance; oh, no; George Montague had not the cold, cruel eye of his wife. A smile was ever on his lips; he was sure the stranger was "the new governess," and he hastened forwards, warmly welcoming Fraulein Flohrberg to Fairview, looking, with pleasure, into her honest face, admiring its frank, open expression, and liking her the better, may be, because she looked timid and diffident. Then, after a little pleasant chat, he asked her how she liked England, what she thought of Fairview, bid Alice

bring her, a few days hence, to the mill, when she should see his hands at work, and treated her with such cordiality that she forgot the shrinking reserve of her character, and amused him then with her simple, yet naïve remarks, and with the pretty broken English that fell so trippingly on his ear.

At length they neared Fairview, and Mr. Montague bade them farewell, previously cautioning Alice to be a good girl, and give as little trouble as possible to the young lady who had come from such a distance to be her governess.

That day the family, consisting only of Mr. and Mrs. Montague and their eldest daughter, dined alone, and when the servants had withdrawn, and the wine was on the table, Mrs. Montague began as follows:

"You mentioned, while the servants were present, that you had just met this German lady, along with Alice. In consequence of your absence from home, my dear, since the night on which the ball took place, I have not had an opportunity of speaking to you till now, and—"

"I do hope you are not going to trouble me in the usual way, my love, but that at last you have met with a person who is likely to suit you," replied Mr. Montague, in a somewhat petulant tone of voice.

"Well, for the matter of that," replied the wife, "as far as German goes, she is, of course, unexceptionable, but I fear she is not up to the mark in other respects; I think she will not suit for a permanency."

"And I fear," said Mr. Montague, "you will never find any one who will; but I have already told you not to trouble me about governesses, servants, or anything else coming under the range of a woman's government. Do not fancy, Ellen, that because I do not weary you with complaints, that things always go right at the mills; that

there are no refractory work-people, idle porters, or neglectful clerks, to trouble me; do let me have peace when I return home after the anxiety of the day."

"But I must, and will tell you, George, why I have spoken as I have done. I have closely questioned this Fraulein Flohrberg myself, and find that she is not up to the mark in anything except her own language; therefore, I told her she must leave at the end of six months."

"Woman!" thundered out Mr. Montague, putting down the untasted wine he was carrying to his lips, "you do not mean to tell me you have had the brutality to say this, the moment this poor lady is beneath your roof?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the lady, bridling up with anger. "I shall not retain the services of any but qualified persons."

"Your conceit, madam, is without a parallel," replied the indignant husband. "How *you*, uneducated, ill-informed, unaccomplished, as you really are, can presume to lecture and talk to the poor ladies whom we have had beneath our roof as you do, I really cannot imagine. This poor girl seems to me the very person for Alice, and yet, the moment she enters the house, you find fault, as you have always done with all her predecessors, and, without even the justice of a sufficient trial, at once inform her that she will not suit you."

A violent and passionate fit of hysterical weeping,—the usual resource of such women as Mrs. Montague,—was her only answer. To this her husband was well accustomed, and when for some time she had indulged herself in this way, and found that he took up a paper and made no attempt at conciliation, she broke out anew.

"Anxiety, indeed; it was ridiculous for men to talk about anx-

iety; they should have the trouble of servants on their minds, the management of household matters, and bringing up of children, and *then* they would know what anxiety was."

Mr. Montague was a bit of a philosopher in his way. In the early days of his wedded life he had tried conciliation, without success; he now adopted another plan, and endeavored to turn a deaf ear to the angry woman.

Do any of our readers know such a character as that of Mrs. Montague? Are there not too many, who, the instant the wearied partner of their fortunes, to whom they owe so much, enters the house, have some vexatious tale to tell of children, servants, anything whatever that may have disturbed their own peace of mind during the day, instead of greeting with a smiling face, and cheerful converse, the often worn-out, anxious man, who, all day long, has toiled for the weak woman, and still weaker children, who cannot work either with head or hand for themselves?

Mrs. Montague wisely dried her tears, seeing that they made no impression on her husband, and, after having sullenly gazed some time at the fire, musing over her fancied wrongs, she arose, and sought—not her children—but her favorite maid, Wilson. This woman was her confidant. She rang the bell on entering her chamber, and, of course, Wilson was not slow in noticing that her mistress was ill,—as *she* termed it when the lady's temper was disturbed,—she had a pain in her head, surely a most distressing pain, for her eyes were swollen and heavy, and so eau de Cologne and various other things were brought to bathe the throbbing temples, and then Mrs. Montague poured into the ear of the sympathizing maid the story of her troubles.

DIVINE AUTHORITY ESSENTIAL IN THE INSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH.

WHEN we reflect on the various intellectual propensities of man, we perceive a universal anxiety to gain a flattering, though often wild, independence for the human mind. All the gigantic efforts applied to dissolve the fetters riveted on the body by the hand of despotism become quite insignificant compared to the energy used for the liberty of the mind. It will not bear comparison with any conceivable benefit or loss: without it the monarch in his magnificent palace, praised by his courtiers, defended by his guards, sumptuously feasted by his cooks, is but a mere fool seated on four gilded sticks called a throne; whilst with it, the shepherd in the loneliness of the Alps, the sailor in the freezing Arctic gale—even the prisoner of the darkest dungeon—enjoy resources which no human power can give or take away. Thus men reason; and with great truth. For, under proper direction and acting within a proper sphere, freedom of thought gives to the human family many a blessing to compensate for the forfeited bliss of Eden. It refines all the arts of human society; adorns opulence with dignity; sheds many a comfort around the peasant's hearth, and dispels many a cloud, and widens many a limit for the glorious enterprise of science. But examine it under another aspect with which it frequently appears, declining from its proper pursuit, and precipitating all reflection within the vortex of passionate emotion, and you will find it the most fatal evil occurring to mankind. Then religion has to weep for vice and folly; then history records the dreams of men, and the best advantages are sacrificed to evanescent fame. The poverty of the human mind raises

itself even to an arrogant scrutiny of the ineffable essence of the Godhead, and poor mortals who are perplexed in almost every research they make, whose understandings are baffled by the dust, the weed and worm on which they tread, are often angry that they do not freely comprehend all the thoughts of the infinite mind. This was the curse of the pagan world; its legislators and philosophers were possessed of some original truths; but allowing freedom of thought to rise seemingly independent of heaven's revelation, their education confirmed vice, their religion embodied in deities all the looseness of passion—and quickly the boasted independence of mind fell from its dizzy eminence to the abject adoration of wood and stone. To remedy this evil was a leading object for the mission of Christ; yet had He, according to Lucifer and Luther, and other opponents of Church authority, made it the sole rule of gospel liberty, that each one should judge for himself, such a system, instead of being an antidote to the evils of sophistry, would have been completely analogous to its principles. But we find our blessed Master obviating such consequences by impressing his doctrine with the seal of its divine origin, and elevating it above the audacious interference of speculation by one simple evidence, namely, his divine authority. It was the singular character of his doctrine, that "He taught as having power," and not as the scribes and Pharisees. These freethinkers yoked down the lofty tendencies of mind to the contracted views of reason, to the limited experience of the senses; but Christ made us independent of such abjection by a

revelation of His own knowledge, on the infinite assurance of His own word. This authority we shall find to be the essential principle in the constitution of the Church; the method adopted for the announcement of truth, and necessarily employed to the end of time, so that all nations may be taught whatsoever the world's Redeemer has commanded to be observed.

It is a notorious fact, that from the earliest date of religion, from the days of Adam unto Moses, men learned the truths of religion, not by their own examination; not by any system of freethinking; not by any optional reading of Scriptures; but by the positive revelation of heaven's will, communicated through the authoritative voice of those whom God chose as his witnesses, either under the name of patriarchs or prophets. And after Moses had written his five books this authority and testimony was continued to explain the sense of those writings, as also to convey a knowledge of many important truths not included in the Scriptures. Still it was a principle: "*Ask thy Father and he will declare to thee: thy elders, and they will tell thee.*" Deut. 32. Under the new dispensation no change occurred; on the contrary Christ brought the law to perfection, and established more firmly this authority, speaking amid the evidence of His miracles as "*one sent by the Father—having all power in heaven and on earth.*" He wrote nothing, because a book full of 'prodigious miracles and incomprehensible mysteries could not be "proof of its own veracity;" neither did He lay the foundation of faith and the fate of truth dependent upon the examination and decision of man, whom He ordered "to hear the Church," under the penalty of reprobation. By the manifestation of divine wisdom and power in His words and actions He rendered

His religion a matter of fact. He organized His church so as to consist of teachers to transmit the knowledge of this fact, and of disciples to believe it. Such was the evidence He gave when in Judea He announced the loftiest mysteries of religion, all of which provoked doubt and opposition, yet He would not dispel the one or allay the other by entering into disputation on those awful articles, but always appeared as having the power to teach, and condemning those who sought a sign as an evil and adulterous generation.

That Christ whilst on earth was the supreme authority and expounder of His word, whose interpretation no Christian could presume to canvass, is a truth that cannot be denied; that He could have communicated to His apostles and to their successors the same authority, is a truth which His omnipotence places beyond the reach of disputation; and that, if He did communicate it, Christians would be bound to acquiesce in their interpretation as His own, is a conclusion which it does not require argument to establish. Now we find it stated in the holy volume, in language most clear and decisive, that this very authority was transmitted to the Apostles and their successors. Yes; when Christ had collected this ministry around Him, He said (St. John 20): "*As the Father sent me, I also send you;*" and on this account its authority became so important that the Saviour said of it (Luke 10): "*He that heareth you heareth me.*" Being thus qualified and associated with Christ in the mission for a particular purpose, the pastors of the Church are sent forth with a commission expressed in the 28th chapter of St. Matthew in the following terms: "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the

Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." What He says is grand and almost incredible: that a society of men is to have an immutable duration; and that there is under the sun something not liable to fail. He rests His own word also upon this unchangeable foundation. "All power is given me in heaven and in earth." Go, then, with this assurance whither I now send you; and carry thither, by the authority here given you, the testimony of my truths. Your mission shall not be unproductive; you shall teach; you shall baptize; you shall found churches throughout the universe; it will be needless to inquire whether the new body, the new congregation, that is to say, the new church which I order you to form out of all nations, shall be visible; being, as it ought to be, visibly composed of those who are to give and of those who are to receive instructions, of those who are to baptize and of those who are to be baptized, and who being thus distinguished from all other people in the world, by the preaching of my commandments and by the profession of docility to them, shall be still more sensibly discriminated by the sacred seal of a particular "baptism in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." *Behold, I am with you,* who are teaching and baptizing; those who desire to be taught of God, have only to believe you, as those who shall desire to be baptized have only to apply to you. This promise shall suffer no interruption — no; Jesus Christ forgets nothing: "I am with you all days." There shall not be any discontinuance of the presence and protection so promised, it being for all days, not with those alone whom

He then addressed, and whose lives were limited, but *even to the consummation of the world*. Had He merely said, I am with you forever, there might be room to imagine He promised them only a blessed eternity after this life; whereas, bounding this promise by the consummation of the world, without speaking here of anything else, it is manifest that He sets no other limits to the duration of his visible Church, nor to the holy society of the people of God in this world, under the government of her pastors, than the existence of the universe.

The consequence of all was (as we are informed in the 16th chapter of St. Mark) that this ministry *went forth preaching everywhere*, and according to the declaration of Christ, such as believed and were baptized were saved, whilst such as believed not are to be condemned.

Now as Christ whilst on earth could not forfeit nor resign the right of being the expounder and judge of his own doctrine, neither could the Apostles on account of committing to writing what they heard, or by any subsequent event, forfeit the authority of teaching and expounding with which they were invested by Christ. In fact, so far from allowing the free interpretation of every individual; so far from allowing a pretext for schism in the assumed right of any one acting independently of a fixed and infallible authority of teaching, the Apostles give us on all occasions a practical illustration of their maintenance of this authority; of its conveyance to others duly appointed like themselves; and a decided exclusion of interference from any quarter in the explanation of the law. Thus, although St. Paul had preached the gospel at Ephesus, he left Timothy there, for the purpose explained in the following words: "*That thou mightest*

charge some not to teach otherwise, who desired to be the teachers of the law, understanding neither the things they say nor whereof they affirm." With a similar view of guarding the word—which he says was committed to him according to the commandment of God his Saviour—he left Titus at Crete: "*For this cause I left thee in Crete, that thou shouldst set in order the things that are wanting, and shouldst ordain priests in every city, as I also appointed thee.*" In his second Epistle to Timothy (2d chapter), he shows the order of transmitting the word thus deposited, thus guarded: "*And the things which thou hast heard from me, through many witnesses, the same commend to faithful men, who shall be fit to teach others also.*" "*Continue thou in the things thou hast learned, and which have been committed to thee, knowing of whom thou hast learned.*" Thus, then, so far from any portion of the church, either lay or clerical, being allowed to mould the doctrine of the law under the influence of a private interpretation; so far from any persons being allowed to filter the word of God, through the pitiful alembic of human judgment, we find it steadily preserved by those with whom it is deposited, who exclude the busy interference of pragmatical teachers. In the passages quoted we are shown the value of the word in the fact of its being transmitted by Christ to the Apostles, and by them to such successors as Timothy and Titus, thence commended to other faithful men. There is no mention made of any religious knowledge acquired by prayerful research, by presumed special inspiration, by capricious independent interpretation; no, but mention is made of things "*heard*," the things "*learned*" from a certain authority—these are to be continued in, without wavering, without doubt, without any danger of being deceived, through the mere

fact of "*knowing of whom they had been learned.*" When St. Paul reminds Titus of his succession and duty in the ministry, saying, "*These things speak, and exhort, and rebuke with all authority,*" it is manifest that Titus being thus empowered, the Christians of Crete were bound to rely on the authority not of his opinion, or his own view, but of that word which he had received in common with Timothy and other faithful men from St. Paul, and through him from Jesus Christ. This plain statement regarding the divinely appointed means of religious instruction is considerably confirmed and illustrated when we find St. Paul giving his instruction about the utility of Scripture. In his second epistle to Timothy he says: "*All scripture inspired of God, is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice, that the man of God may be perfect, furnished to every good work.*" 3d chapter. By *the man of God*, St. Paul means the authorized minister of the church, for he speaks of him who is to *teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct*. Now these are the offices of the authorized minister as is shown by what we read at the opening of the subsequent 4th chapter, where the Apostle, instead of referring every individual to his Bible for instruction or reproof, does, before God, charge Timothy to instruct and correct his flock by the authority invested in him: "*Preach the word: reprove, entreat, rebuke in all patience and doctrine,*" he assigns the reason of this urgent charge: "*For there shall be a time when they will not endure sound doctrine: but according to their own desires they will heap to themselves teachers having itching ears, and will indeed turn away their hearing from the truth.*"

To the same Timothy he had written a little before in the first Epistle, 4th chapter: "*Attend unto*

reading, to exhortation and to doctrine. . . take heed to thyself and doctrine, for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." The duty and responsibility of teacher and disciple are plainly set forth and an exclusion of unauthorized interpretation: it is as if the Apostle had said: "Teacher, thou shalt save thyself by reading and save others by instruction. Disciple, thou shalt be saved, not by arbitrary reading, but by hearing the duly appointed ministry preaching the doctrine of the Scripture."

This salvation, arising out of the circumstance of the people hearing sound doctrines from those having authority, was in the view of the Apostle, when, writing to the Thessalonians, 2d Epistle, 2d chapter, he says: "*Therefore, brethren, stand fast and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word or by our epistle.*" Why does the Apostle speak so imperatively when he thus identifies in the one tradition both oral

and written instruction. His answer is contained in what he wrote to Titus: "*Because it is the word which God manifested in preaching, which is committed to me according to the commandment of God, our Saviour.*" Thus, then, it appears manifest that whether the doctrine was communicated in words or writing, it was to be held fast on account of the source and assurance of his veracity, namely: the authoritative teaching of the pastors, the essential medium of communicating all those things which the Saviour commanded to be observed.

This was the conviction and doctrine of Philip when he met the Ethiopian prince reading the Scriptures, Acts 8th. Philip said to him: "*Thinkest thou that thou understandest what thou readest? Who said: And how can I unless some man show me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. . . Then Philip opening his mouth preached unto him Jesus.*"

TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL.

THAT the adjustment of the spiritual and temporal powers, and the conditions of their simultaneous action, occupy a prominent place just now in the public mind, is no discovery of ours. If we could be indifferent to the fact, the eager discussions of the Protestant and Rationalistic press would not allow us to remain long in our apathy. It is, they assure us, the great question of the age. And they have already solved it after their manner. It is their profession to solve everything, and they are always equal to the task. Perhaps their method is a little crude and hasty; but, as Mr.

Gladstone says, "they often write in a hurry," which is much to be regretted. They would make a better use of their gifts if they took more time about it. But if they once began to reflect, perhaps they would not write at all. And so they dash at everything, from coals to miracles, and from sewers to theology, and handle them all in the same style. They only see one side of any question, and not much of that; and if anybody pretends to see the other, they treat him as Xerxes did the rebellious sea, and make whips to scourge him.

Yet the relations of the Chris-

tian Church to the powers of the world are sufficiently important, and involve interests of such surpassing gravity, that even fools might be expected to speak of them with sobriety. Men who are by no means fools, in the common acceptance of that word, set those who are a bad example. They treat the Church like the bully who complains that a child has struck him. The Church is very strong, stronger than anything out of heaven, but her strength is not that of the world, and therefore need not alarm its friends. It is chiefly manifested in suffering. Nothing can exhaust or wear her out. Eighteen centuries of persecution have failed to do it, and if the world should last eighteen centuries more, the issue will be just the same. It will only beat itself to pieces against that immovable rock. But in all that the world counts strength the Church is weaker than a child. An Italian apostate can shut up her chief Pontiff in prison, and no angel comes to take him out. A German trooper can insult her bishops with impunity—at least for a time—and the puny despots of a Swiss Canton can close her churches and banish her priests. Who is so weak as she is? The scum of the earth can mock her, as the Jewish rabble mocked her Lord. They can use scourges now as they did then, and plait a crown of thorns, and set up a cross, and dig a sepulchre, and only go home when they have sealed the stone and “made it sure.” Why, then, do they affect to fear her, and pretend that she is conspiring against them, and that they are only acting in self-defence? Why do the strong tremble before the weak? What can she do to hurt them? It is true that they will perish, and she will remain, but that is an arrangement of Providence, and should not be made a reproach to her. She is what God made her. She can suffer, but she

cannot die. She will bury all her enemies, of this age as of every other, and when everybody else has forgotten them, she will be praying over their graves for the pardon of their sins. It is not anger which she feels towards the Bismarcks of the hour, profane and brutal as they are, for she knows what their fate will be, and what will be her own.

The Church was not founded yesterday. She has a history, and in its main features it is uniform and invariable. The world has always tried to destroy her, and always failed. She has fought from the beginning against that diabolical trinity, the world, the flesh, and the devil. She will fight against them to the end, but always with the same weapons, and always with the same result. *They* will change their weapons, but they will all be blunted in turn. Bismarck is not stronger than Domitian, more subtle than Julian, more cruel than Nero, more frantic than Luther. Satan uses him because just now he has no better instrument at hand. To-morrow he will be using somebody else. It is the age of little men, and in the nineteenth century even the persecutor is a dwarf, and while he aspires to be odious only succeeds in being absurd.

But he has at least invented a new charge against the Church. She has become imperious and aggressive, he says, and he is obliged to defend the State against her encroachments. He is sorry for it, but society must be protected. That is what he says, and the newspapers repeat it in chorus. The State cannot allow itself to be undermined. The Church preaches sedition, and Catholics have become disloyal. They respect the Pope, and care nothing for Cæsar. They have no sympathy with the new German Empire, and are scheming against Italian unity, and would gladly destroy the noble Helvetic Republic, even if they

had to tear up the Alps in order to it. Such people must be put down, because it has become evident that the Church and State cannot co-exist.

Two replies may be made to this charge, and they seem to us peremptory: (1) that for many ages the Church lived in harmony with the civil power, and rendered it invaluable services, which it was not slow to acknowledge, as long as the latter was content to remain within its own province; and (2) that at this day it is not the Church which usurps the functions of the State, but very much the reverse.

But these propositions seem to us unassailable. As long as the princes of this world kept in mind the saying of the prophet: "Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing mothers," there was amity and alliance between the spiritual and temporal powers, and each reigned in peace in its own sphere. No doubt there were momentary interruptions of this harmony, when Cæsar tried to be pontiff as well as king, but the rupture was only transient. If Henry II sinned against God, at least he found grace to do penance; and if Louis of France invented a constitution for the Church, he had wisdom enough to tear it in pieces when the Vicar of Christ bade him do so. There had been many a conflict between the civil power, blinded for a moment by greed and self-will, and the Church, whose functions it foolishly attempted to usurp; but the victory was always with the latter. The strife was foreseen as one of the inevitable fruits of human arrogance. "Beware of men," was an admonition addressed, not only to the first Apostles, but to all their successors, whose duty it still is "to take no thought how or what to speak," when they are "brought before governors" who exalt Cæsar above God. At any moment it may become their

duty to say, "*Non possumus*," and to accept the penalty. But in spite of these inevitable interruptions of peace and good will, it is certain that for a thousand years the two powers were able to dwell together in mutual respect, and that their concord was not only a fruitful blessing to human society, but the strength of thrones and the shield of the temporal authority. It is equally certain that since the State became divorced from the Church, the foundations of the former have been broken up; and while the spiritual power, abandoned to itself, or thwarted by ceaseless vexations, has attracted everywhere a more loyal and spontaneous devotion, the secular has become in the same proportion feeble and precarious, and while it has attempted to grasp the authority of the Church, has only succeeded in losing its own. The pontifical throne may seem for a moment to be in jeopardy, but Christ's vicar will still be wearing the crown which all the powers of darkness cannot snatch from him, when many of his impudent assailants will be searching in the dust for that which they have lost forever.

No one, we may add, really believes—and least of all those who affected to do so—that the State is in any danger from the Church. The persecutor is never in want of a pretext. At the very moment that he impudently charges her with impeding the action of the civil authority, he is himself trying to rob her even of the right of determining who are her own members, forbidding her to educate her own ministers, pretending to annul the marriages which she has blessed and the baptisms which she has administered, and displaying his face of brass in the very sanctuary from which his police have thrust out her bishops. But we know what the end will be as surely as if it had already come to pass. Every-

where Catholics are bracing themselves for the combat. There was need that they should be purified in the furnace, and when they come forth, it will be seen that "not a hair of their head had been singed, nor their garments altered, nor the smell of the fire had passed upon them." The petty antichrists of the hour lift up their heads in the morning, but before the sun goes down they will be swept away, and when these baffled reprobates have proved once more that the gates of hell cannot prevail against the Church, they will be crying in impenitent anguish: "*Ergo erravimus.*"

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BEAUTIFUL children of the dying year!
 Oh, rainbow-tinted fading autumn leaves!
 In what gay liveries you now appear,
 Tho' nature like a parent fondly grieves
 The transient glory of her summer day,
 The playful breeze, the skylark's merry lay.

Now falling to the ground, no more, no more
 Shall you shut in, within their warm-built nest,
 The wild birds' unfledged offspring, covered o'er
 By your green shade, from summer's heat at rest;
 Concealing from the eye of schoolboy wild,
 The speckled mother and the unfledged child.

Now, the rich beauty of the drooping sheaf
 Has gone away, and summer's golden flowers
 Are falling fast; or flying leaf by leaf
 Upon the wind, they which in starry showers
 Once tinged the landscape with a thousand dyes,
 And opened to the sun their golden eyes.

Short is the pleasure of the summer's day,
 And on thy withering beauty man can look,
 And truly say, So shall I pass away;
 For thou art pages out of Nature's book,
 Foretelling all that e'er was green or fair,
 At length must die like things that never were.

Oh autumn leaves! man's strength like you is green
 When spring pours in his veins the joy of life.
 In summer's heat his brow is blooming seen,
 Till autumn's mellow age, or worldly strife,
 Severs the leaf from that which gave it birth,
 And down he drops to meet his kindred earth.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

MARIETTE.

THOUGH La Napoule is but a small place, lying in the bosom of the sea of Canna, still it is well known throughout Provence. It lies in the evergreen shade of high palm trees and dark pomegranates. This alone does not render it famous. There, it is said, are to be found grapes of the richest purple, roses of the sweetest odor, and maidens of surpassing beauty. What a pity that La Napoule is so small that it cannot produce purple grapes, sweet roses, and beautiful maidens enough!

Since the building of La Napoule, every maiden there has become a beauty; but, without doubt, the little Mariette must have been a wonder of wonders—at least, so the chronicler seems to think. She was called, it is true, “Little Mariette,” still she was not smaller than most children are at the age of seventeen.

The chronicler of La Napoule had good reason to speak of Mariette. I, on the strength of the chronicler, have done likewise. For, when Mariette, with her mother, Manon, returned, after a long residence in Avignon, to her native place, she turned everything round—not only the houses, but the people and their heads; and not only heads, but even the hearts of those who came in the dangerous neighborhood of her soul-beaming eyes. I can answer for that—and such a situation is not to be jested with.

Mother Manon had much better have remained in Avignon. But she had heired, in La Napoule, a small property, with a vineyard and a sweet little house, in the shade of a cliff, embosomed in olive trees and African acacias. Never was widow more fortunate than she;

indeed, in her own opinion, she was as rich and happy as the Count of Provence himself or any of his equals.

HOW THE MISCHIEF CAME.

Scarcely was Mariette a fortnight in the house among the olive trees and African acacias, when every young Napoulesian knew that there lived Mariette, the most beautiful maid of Provence.

Did she walk through the place, light and beautiful as a disguised angel, in rustling frock and bright green bodice—on her bosom a bunch of orange-blossoms and rose-buds—flowers and ribands waving in the green hat which shadowed her brow—the aged exclaimed and the young were mute; while, here and there, a door or window opened, with “Good morning,” or “Good evening, Mariette,” and she nodded smilingly on all around.

When Mariette entered the church, every heart (that is, of the young men), wandered from heaven—every eye from the Virgin—while her supplicating fingers went astray in the pearls of her breast-knot. This certainly caused much anxiety to all, particularly to the pious ladies; and, as, about this time, the young women of La Napoule had become very pious, it troubled them the most. Indeed, they could scarcely endure the thought of it. The entrance of Mariette was more like that of a bride. This gave rise to many quarrels and bickerings—to many tears, lectures and murmurings. Marriages were no longer spoken of—true-love tokens, rings and ribands, were returned—parents found fault with their children—turmoil and strife went from house to house. It was, indeed, a pity.

"Mariette is the cause of all!" said the pious maidens; so said their mothers—so said their fathers—and even, at last, so said the young men.

But Mariette, strong in her modesty and innocence as the brilliant red of the bursting rosebud among the dark-green leaves, knew nothing of these misfortunes, and remained kind to all. This moved first the young men, and they said, "Why trouble the kind, harmless girl! She is innocent." Then the fathers repeated it; the mothers next; and last, even the pious maidens—for who could speak to Mariette without loving her? Before six months had passed, every one had spoken to her, and every one loved her. She knew not, however, how much she was beloved, and could not conceive how she could be so hated. The modest violet, crouched among the long, dark grass, cares not for its own worth.

Now, every one wished to atone for their injustice to Mariette. Pity was soon changed to affection. Mariette was greeted with former kindness—was sweetly smiled upon, and pressed to join in every sport and dance.

OF WICKED COLIN.

But to every one is not granted the tender grace of pity. Some hearts are as hard as Pharaoh's; owing, no doubt, either to the natural wickedness of man since the fall, or the baptismal rite of the sinner not being performed in proper time. A striking example of this hard-heartedness was young Colin, the richest farmer in La Napoule, who could scarcely, in one day, walk through his vineyards, oliveyards, and citron and pomegranate fields! He, however, had shown the inherent sin of his nature—having lived until his twenty-seventh year without ever asking, why maidens were created. Every

one, however, especially the young ladies of a certain age, willingly forgave him his sins, and esteemed Colin as the best young man under the sun. His fine form, his clear open countenance, his merry glance and smile, obtained absolution for him of hearts too generous and forgiving to be otherwise than pleased. The verdict, however, of such a jury is not to be relied on.

Of all, old and young, in Napoule, who had forgiven Mariette, and received her in their hearts, Colin alone regarded the poor girl without pity. If her name even was mentioned, Colin became mute as a fish—did he meet her in the street, he turned red and white with anger, and cast invidious looks upon her.

If the young people assembled at evening, on the beach, under the ruins of the old castle, to play, to dance, or to make the old walls re-echo with their merry songs, Colin was not absent. But, as soon as Mariette came, the cunning youth was dumb, and he sang no more of the joys of life. This was a pity—for no voice was sweeter than Colin's and his songs were inexhaustible.

All were delighted to see Colin, and he was merry with all. He had, we have said before, a roguish glance which the maidens loved and feared—and, when he smiled, oh, then a painter should have been near. However, the often-slighted Mariette hardly saw him—whether he laughed or not, it was the same to her. She cared not for his roguish glance; and, if he began to relate a story, she nodded to her neighbors, and drew away first Peter, then Paul, then another; she laughed and chatted, until Colin was no longer attended to. She touched him to the quick; he often broke off in the midst of a story, and walked sullenly away.

Revenge is sweet. The beautiful daughter of Manon might then have triumphed. For this, however,

Mariette was much too good—her heart too pure. When he was silent, sorrow filled her bosom; and when he was sad, she smiled no more. If he went away, she could remain no longer; and she retired home to weep tears of repentance far more bitter than those of the Magdalen, though her faults were less.

THE PITCHER.

The preacher of La Napoule, the good Father Jerome, was an old man of seventy years, possessing all the virtues of a saint; his only failing, and that the effect of age, was deafness. Nevertheless, he preached to his children, who were always willing to listen to him. It is true, he never preached but on two themes, which comprised, in his opinion, the essence of religion—"Little children, love one another," or "Children, the providence of God is great." Indeed, so far does faith depend upon love and hope, that, with these two dispositions, man might be truly blessed. The children loved each other truly, and hoped in the providence of God. Only Colin, with singular perverseness, gave no heed to his advice; even when he appeared benevolent, he concealed evil designs.

Every year the people of La Napoule repaired to the fair at Bence. Here they made merry, and those who had money made purchases.

You may be sure, that, among those who went to the fair, were Mariette and Mother Manon. Colin, too—buying dainties and trinkets for all the girls; but, for Mariette, he spent not a sous. Even though he followed her at every step, he spoke not to her, and she spoke not to him. It was easily to be seen that he was meditating some mischief.

Mother Manon was standing before a stall, when she exclaimed, "Oh, Mariette! see that beautiful pitcher! A queen might not be

ashamed to put it to her lips! Only see; the handle is of brilliant gold, and the flowers are not more beautiful in our garden. They might have been painted in the midst of Paradise! Only see, Mariette, how tempting the apple looks on that tree; Adam cannot withstand the beautiful Eve, who is presenting it to him. See how lovingly the lambs are sporting with the tigers—and the snow-white dove, with her gold and green neck, flies before the hawk, as if she invited him to address her."

Mariette was lost in admiration. She could not be satisfied with seeing. "Had I so fine a pitcher, mother," said she, "it is much too beautiful to drink out of—I would put flowers in it, and then sit gazing upon them, thinking I were in Paradise. Though we are in the market of Bence, when I look at the pitcher, I almost fancy myself in Paradise!"

So spoke Mariette, and called all her young friends to come and look at the pitcher. Soon all La Napoule was gazing in mute admiration at the exquisite piece of porcelain. Timidly they asked of the merchant, "What is the price, sir?" "Why, between friends, I will let you have it for a hundred livres." All were silent; and, one by one, walked away.

When all had retired, Colin came slyly to the stall, laid down the hundred livres, put the pitcher in a box filled with moss, and took it away.

When about half way home, he met old Jacques, the squire's servant, who was coming from the fields. Now Jacques was a very good sort of a man, but very stupid.

"I will give you a pot of ale, Jacques," said Colin, "if you will take this box to Manon's house, and leave it; and, when they ask you who gave you the box, say a stranger. But do not mention my name, on the pain of my eternal anger."

Jacques took the money for his ale, with the box, and proceeded to the house among the olive trees and African acacias.

THE ENVOY.

Before Jacques had gone many paces, he was met by his master, Squire Hauptmartin, who called out—

“Hey, Jacques! what have you there?”

“A box for Mistress Manon; but I dare not tell you from whom.”

“Why not?”

“Oh, because Colin would never forgive me.”

“Ha! it is a fine thing you can keep so still; but it is now late—give me the box; I am going to Mistress Manon’s; I will convey it, and not mention that it comes from Colin. It will spare you some steps, and give me a good excuse.”

Jacques immediately acceded to his master’s proposition—never in his life having dreamed of opposing him. The Squire carried the box to his room; and approached the light with the greatest curiosity. On the cover was written, with red chalk, “For the lovely and beloved Mariette.” Squire Hauptmartin was well aware that this was some piece of roguery Colin intended; thereupon he very carefully opened the box, to see if there was not some rat or mouse concealed in it; but nothing could exceed his surprise when he beheld the same beautiful pitcher that had attracted so much notice at the fair. And this from Colin; his heart died within him. But Squire Hauptmartin was a man well versed in wrong and in right; he knew well the deceit and treachery of men’s hearts. He saw clearly that Colin wished to bring Mariette in trouble with this pitcher. It might appear as a present from some favored lover in the city; and, coming in such a manner, would oblige all the good people to slight her. Thereupon Squire Hauptmartin

kindly determined to bring this treachery to naught, by becoming himself the donor of this beautiful pitcher. Besides he loved Mariette, and wished to see if she obeyed the command of good Father Jerome, “Little children, love one another.” To be sure, Squire Hauptmartin was a child of fifty years old, and Mariette had made up her mind that the text did not apply to him. On the contrary, Mother Manon found the Squire to be a judicious, fine child, with gold and reputation, and first in La Napoule; and, when he spoke of marriage, the trembling Mariette left the room; but Mother Manon remained sitting—fearing nothing from the tall, decent man.

Though we say of Colin, that, in his whole person, there was no fault, still the Squire had the advantage of him in two things—namely, in years, and in a great, great nose. This nose the Squire always bore before him, like a herald, to announce his coming. He was a true elephant behind this trunk of a nose.

With this famous proboscis, his good intentions, and the pitcher, he repaired the next morning to the house among the olive trees and African acacias.

“For the beautiful Mariette!” said he. “It is not too costly for me. You admired the pitcher yesterday; permit me, charming Mariette, to lay it and my heart at your feet.”

Manon and Mariette were delighted and astonished when they saw the pitcher. Manon’s eyes sparkled with joy; but Mariette’s countenance fell, and she replied—

“I can accept neither your pitcher nor your heart.”

Then rushed the blood to Mother Manon’s pale cheek, and she cried out—

“But I accept both heart and pitcher. Oh, you fool! how long will you spoil your own good luck? Hey! and what do you want? Do

you expect the Count of Provence to come and ask you in marriage, that you refuse the Squire of La Napoule? I know much better than you what is for your own good. Squire, I admire your worth; depend upon me, I shall soon call you son-in-law."

Mariette went out, weeping bitterly, and she hated the pitcher from the bottom of her heart.

However, the Squire, clapping his finger on his nose, said, "Don't trouble yourself, Mother Manon; the dove will yield as soon as she knows me a little better. I am not rash. I understand women well; and before three months shall have passed, I will find the way into Mariette's heart."

THE FLOWERS.

During this three months, Mariette's pitcher gave her a world of trouble and vexation. For a fortnight nothing else was spoken of in La Napoule but the pitcher; and every one said,—“It is a present from the Squire, and the wedding is soon to take place.” But Mariette had declared to her friends that she would sooner lie down in the sea than wed with Squire Hauptmartin. The girls, however, winked to each other, and said, “How happily she will rest in the shade of his nose!” This was her first vexation.

Then Manon had made the cruel rule that Mariette should go every day to the spring, rinse the pitcher, and fill it with fresh flowers. Thus she hoped to win Mariette's heart to the donor, but it only increased her hatred to gift and giver; and the duty at the spring was only a punishment. Second vexation.

But, twice a week, when she went to the spring, she found, on the rock, a bouquet of the most beautiful flowers, arranged with the greatest taste, just the size of the pitcher; and round the stem was rolled a paper, bearing these words. “Beloved Mariette!” Now, Mariette

was not a strong believer in enchanters or fairies; and she naturally supposed that the flowers and paper came from Squire Hauptmartin—and she would not even smell them, lest she should encounter the breath of the old man. She tore the paper to shreds, but kept the flowers, as they were handsomer than those she could find in the fields. In the meantime the Squire was unremitting in his attentions—his love was as great, in its kind, as was his nose. Third vexation.

But, at last, she discovered, in conversation, that the Squire was not the giver of the flowers. Who, then, could it be! Mariette was surprised as well as pleased at this unhopd for discovery, and, from that time, she took the flowers more willingly from the rock. But who laid them there? Mariette was, like some few of her sex, somewhat curious. She guessed every young man in La Napoule; but none were ever discovered. She watched, late and early; but she watched in vain. Still, twice a week, there lay the flowers, and the paper, breathing the soft sigh, “Beloved Mariette.” This was enough to excite the curiosity of the most indifferent; but, unsatisfied curiosity gives pain. Fourth vexation.

MISCHIEF UPON MISCHIEF.

Father Jerome had preached from the text, “The providence of heaven is wonderful;” and Mariette thought it might be, that, by some unforeseen circumstance, the flower-sender might be discovered. Father Jerome was right.

On one summer night, when the weather was much too warm for sleep, Mariette arose and waited only for the first ray of dawn to steal over the sea to the charming little islet, and thence to her chamber window. She went out stealthily, to bathe her arms and face in the clear stream behind the cliff, for

there she could be perfectly retired. She took her hat, and tripped softly over the green to the palm-grove—it was impossible to reach the spot without passing these trees. Under one of these trees she was surprised to find a young man, who appeared to be lying in a quiet sleep. Near him lay a bouquet of matchless flowers; and, also, she could see a paper! What could be more welcome to Mariette?

She remained standing trembling with fright in all her limbs. Then she turned toward the house. Hardly had she gone two steps, when she again found herself nearer the sleeper—and she stood still. His face was turned from her—how could she lose the opportunity? She stepped nearer the tree—but he appeared to move, and she again retreated toward the cottage. But now Mariette's motion had lost much of its terror. She approached the tree. "Perhaps he only feigned sleep. But how foolish to fly from imaginary danger. What is he to me? My way happens to lie near him—sleeping or awake, I shall pass."

So thought Manon's daughter; but she remained standing. Now she was certain to look full in the face of the flower-sender. He slept as if he had not closed his eyes before in four weeks; and who was it? Who could it be but that arrant villain, Colin!

He it was who had ever seemed most interested in the business of Squire Hauptmartin; and he had delighted to send flowers to her for that hated pitcher, merely to excite her curiosity! And wherefore? He detested Mariette. He took pleasure in thwarting the poor child in every undertaking. Toward every other maiden in La Napoule he was friendly and pleasant. He had never once asked her to dance, though she danced so charmingly!

Now, there he lay—betrayed! caught! Revenge was kindled in

Mariette's breast. What trick might she play on him? She untied the flowers, and scattered them over the sleeper; the paper, however, she put in her bosom, that the handwriting might be witness against him. Mariette was cunning. Her revenge was not yet satisfied. She could not leave the place without punishing Colin in some more signal manner. She tore from her hat the violet riband, and, passing it softly around his arm, tied him to the tree. When he awakes, how astonished will he be! Who will satisfy his curiosity as to the author of this cunning trick? This he could never guess—so much the better; it served him right. Mariette still was merciful toward him. No sooner was her work finished, than she seemed to repent. Her bosom heaved; and, I believe, tears came in her eyes. She was a long time returning home. She lingered near the cliff, until the voice of Mother Manon called her away.

THE HATBAND.

Who would believe it? That same day Colin practiced a new trick. He wished to shame Mariette openly. She little thought that the whole of La Napoule would recognize her violet hatband. He wore it in his hat—showing it, before the whole world, as a trophy; and every one cried out, "He has it from Mariette," and every maiden cried, "The villain!" and every young man turned contemptuously from her, and said, "The jade!"

"How! Mother Manon," exclaimed Squire Hauptmartin, and he spoke so loud that his nose echoed his words, "how do you suffer this, my bride, to present the young farmer, Colin, with her hatband? It is high time that our nuptials be celebrated. It is all settled, and I have a right to speak!"

"You have a right," answered Mother Manon; "when the case so stands, the wedding should imme-

diately take place. Certainly, it is settled—all is settled."

"But, Mother Manon, your daughter will never give her consent."

"Never mind, Squire, do you get ready for the wedding."

"But she will not even look favorably upon me; and if I sit down beside her, she springs away like a wild deer."

"Squire, only prepare for the wedding, and if Mariette resists, we will take her by surprise. We will go to Father Jerome early on Monday morning, and instruct him in his part of the duty. This he will do; I am her mother, and you are the chief magistrate in La Napoule. He must consent. But La Napoule and Mariette are to know nothing of this. I shall send her early on Monday, entirely alone, to the good father with a message—then shall the preacher inquire into her heart; half an hour after, we both will go then quickly to the altar; and if Mariette does say 'no,' the old creature is so deaf that he cannot hear it."

The Squire was well pleased with this arrangement. Mariette dreamed not of the bliss that was in store for her. She thought only of Colin's treachery. She declared to her companions and her mother, that Colin must have found the hatband. "I did not give it to him; you know he hates me, and he only does this to vex me."

Ah! the poor child knew not the extent to which his crimes were to run.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

Early in the morning Mariette repaired with the pitcher to the spring. But there were no flowers there. It was still early. The sun was scarcely risen out of the sea.

She hears footsteps. Colin came—in his hand the flowers. Mariette blushed deeply. The young man stammered, "Good morning, Mariette;" but it came not from his

heart; he could hardly bring his lips to utter it.

"Why do you wear my riband so openly, Colin?" said Mariette, and she set the pitcher down on the rock; "I did not give it to you."

"You did not give it to me, Mariette!" and he was pale with anger.

Mariette, ashamed of her conduct, cast down her eyes and said, after a pause, "Well, I did give it to you, but you should not wear it so openly. Give it back to me!"

"Beloved Mariette! let me keep it!"

"No."

He could scarcely believe her. First he looked upward with a sigh, then mournfully on Mariette, who, motionless and mute, stood beside the spring, her eyes cast down, her arms hanging powerless by her side.

He wound the riband about the stalks of the flowers and threw them toward the rock. It struck the pitcher, which was overturned and broke in twenty pieces! Covered with confusion he turned and fled.

Mother Manon had all this time been watching out of the window. But when she saw the pitcher broken, she could scarcely speak for anger; and as she drew herself hastily in through the narrow window she broke the casing, and the window fell with a loud crash to the ground and was broken to pieces.

Never had misfortunes come so thickly upon any poor woman. But she soon recovered herself. "A fortunate thing," thought she, "that I was a witness to it. He must to the Squire and pay for both pitcher and window! A fine dowry for you, Mariette." But Mariette was picking up the pieces of the broken beauty, and as Mother Manon saw the lost Paradise, Adam headless, Eve standing on one foot, the serpent triumphing unharmed, then she cried out against poor Colin, and said, "It can be easily seen that the throw was from the devil's hand."

THE JUDGMENT.

Taking the fragments of the broken pitcher in one hand, and Mariette by the other, she went at nine o'clock to the Squire's house, where he was used to exercise his office as a magistrate.

There she poured forth a bitter complaint against the author of her calamities, and showed the broken pitcher and the ruined Paradise. Mariette wept bitterly.

When the Squire saw the broken pitcher, and his intended bride in tears, his anger was so great toward Colin, that his nose turned as violet-colored as the hatband; and he called to his constable to bring in the delinquent.

Colin came overwhelmed with grief. Manon repeated her complaints with many additions, before the judge, constable, and clerk, but Colin heard nothing. He glided up to Mariette and whispered, "Forgive me, Mariette, as I forgive you. I broke your pitcher without meaning to do it, but you—you have broken my heart."

"What is he whispering there?" roared the Squire; "listen to the charge, and defend yourself."

"I do not defend myself; I did break the pitcher, but without intending it."

"That I believe, too," sobbed Mariette. "I am as much to blame as he; I made him angry, and he threw the riband and the flowers."

"Hey-dey!" cried Manon, "will the girl take up his defence? Sir judge, speak! he has broken the pitcher; that he does not deny; and I, on his account, the window; can he deny that?"

"That you cannot deny, Mr. Colin," returned the judge; "so pay, if you please, three hundred livres, the cost of the pitcher."

"No!" exclaimed Colin, "it is not worth so much; I bought it at the fair in Bence for one hundred livres."

"You bought it, you shameless villain!" cried the Squire, his whole countenance the color of Mariette's hatband.

"Yes," replied Colin, enraged at this knavery; "I sent the pitcher, on the evening of the fair-day, to Mariette, by your own servant. There stands Jacques, in the door; he is my witness. Jacques, speak, did I not give you the box to take to Manon's house?"

Squire Hauptmartin here wished to interfere, but the simple Jacques replied, "Don't you remember, sir, you took the box from me to carry yourself to Mother Manon's? There lies the box under those papers." The constable pushed the silly Jacques out of the court, and Colin was also dismissed until he should be called for again.

"Very well, Squire," said he, on going out, "this shall be your last trick in La Napoule; and I know, moreover, that you have endeavored, with my property, to get into the good graces of Mother Manon and Mariette."

The Squire was very much bewildered, and in his perplexity he scarce knew what he was doing.

Mother Manon shook her head. The affair had assumed a very mysterious aspect. "Who will now pay me for the broken pitcher?" asked she.

"As for me," said Mariette, with glowing cheeks, "I am well paid."

WONDERFUL PROVIDENCE.

Colin rode immediately over to the landvogt, and returned early the next morning. The Squire, however, only laughed, and removed every suspicion from Mother Manon's breast, but declaring that he would have his nose cut off if Colin were not obliged to pay the three hundred livres.

They both repaired to Father Jerome, and begged him to instruct Mariette in her duty to her mother, and to advise her not to oppose the

wedding. The old man promised to what they desired, though he only understood half of what they shouted in his ear.

Mariette took the pieces of the broken pitcher to her chamber, and it seemed as if the Paradise that was lost on it, had passed into her breast.

When Monday morning came, Mother Manon said to her daughter, "Dress yourself well and carry this myrtle crown to Father Jerome, he wants it for a bride." Mariette, decked out in her Sunday's best, repaired perfectly unsuspecting to the good preacher's house.

In the way she met Colin, who greeted her cordially, and when she told him whither she was carrying the crown, he said, "I, too, am going there; I must carry the preacher his fees." As they were walking silently together he took her hand, both trembling as if they had committed some great crime.

"Have you forgiven me?" whispered Colin. "Ah! Mariette, what have I done that you should be so cruel to me?"

But she could only answer, "Be at rest, Colin; you shall have the riband again, and I will keep the pitcher forever, for now I value it truly since I know it is from you."

"Ah, Mariette, can you doubt? See, whatever I have I dare to offer you! Will you be kind to me as the others are?"

She made no answer. They had arrived at the house. She looked at him askance with her beautiful bright eyes and breathed, "Dear Colin!" He bent down and kissed her hand. With this the door opened and Father Jerome stood before them. The young people felt confused and they grasped each other's hands. I know not whether it was the appearance of the pastor, or the magic of the kiss, but Mariette presented him the crown. He laid it on her head and pronounced solemnly, "Little children, love one

another!" and exhorted the motionless Mariette to love Colin, for from his deafness he had mistaken the bridegroom's name.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mariette, "I do love him. I have loved him long, but he hates me."

"I hate you, Mariette! My soul has loved you from the first moment you came in La Napoule. Oh, Mariette, how could I hope, how could I believe that you loved me, when all La Napoule were at your feet?"

"Why, then, did you slight me, Colin, and set all my companions before me?"

"Oh, Mariette, I was in fear and trembling, torn by despair and love, whenever I saw you. I had not courage to remain near you, and still I was miserable when absent."

As they were thus conversing, the old man thought they were quarrelling, and laying a hand on each, he said, "Children, children, love one another."

Mariette sank on Colin's bosom; he pressed her in his arms, and the whole world was forgotten. Colin's lips hung on Mariette's. It was only a kiss; but both, without knowing it, had followed Father Jerome into the chapel, and stood before the altar.

"Mariette!" sighed Colin.

"Colin!" sighed she.

In the church were many parishioners; and they, with the greatest astonishment, were witnesses to the marriage of Colin and Mariette. They ran from the church, right and left, through the whole of La Napoule, and cried, "Colin and Mariette are married."

Father Jerome, delighted that he had performed his part of the trick so well, and had met with so little opposition, led the pair back to his house.

END OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

Mother Manon came rushing in, out of breath. She had waited a long time, in vain, at home, for the

bridegroom. He did not come, and she hurried to his dwelling; there she learned that the landvogt had that morning been there, and summoned the Squire and all his people to follow him immediately.

"This is the work of that villain Colin," was her first thought. She hastened to the pastor's house, to inform him of the failure of their plan, and was met by the old man, who came out proudly, leading the newly married couple.

Manon's speech forsook her; but Colin stepped forward—began with his first love for Mariette, and ran through his whole story. Manon was in doubt whether she should consider Mariette guilty or innocent.

Father Jerome now understood his mistake; but he raised his pious hands to Heaven, and exclaimed,

"Wonderful are the ways of Providence." Mother Manon gave the bridal pair her blessing.

"Am I really, then, a wife?" said Mariette—"Colin's wife!"

Mother Manon nodded her head, and Mariette hung on Colin's arm. Then they all went to Colin's house.

"See the flowers, Mariette, that I cultivated for you to fill your pitcher!"

Colin, who had little expected such an evening guest, had nothing ready for the supper; but the wedding was celebrated two days, and the joy of the bridegroom cannot be described.

Mother Manon was pleased with her son-in law, since she had heard of his great riches;—and, besides, Squire Hauptmartin never showed his nose again.

THE BEST SOLUTION OF THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

THERE is an old rhyme which says:

"For every evil under the sun
There's a remedy, or there's none;
If there's one, try and find it;
If there's none, never mind it."

Now, we Catholics have been groping about for a long time in search of a solution to the public-school question. All admit that the existence of the very discussion in a land where all religious denominations should try and live in peace with each other is an evil second only to the existence of the cause which calls it forth.

It is impossible, however, for us Catholics to join an alliance of hearts and hands with our fellow-citizens outside of the Church, because, in the first place, these people cannot agree among themselves on any single point of doctrine or discipline, and secondly, be-

cause we cannot agree with them; oil and water will not mix; truth and falsehood cannot play the lion and lamb in the days of the millennium. Wherever the Church of God exists, she must by her very nature and divine constitution seek to gain souls to Christ. Wherever the sects exist, they must by their nature and what charter they possess as an organized body, a charter drawn from an opposite direction than that of the Church, seek to gain souls from the Church, that is, from God. They may do this from malice, they may do it from ignorance, they may do it from blind or false zeal, but no matter why they do it, the struggle must go on. The Protestant may call the Church's efforts an aggression; the Catholic may call the action of the sects tyranny; but in either

event it is but a name for an "irrepressible conflict," which must last till time shall end or the Church conquer.

Well, admitting the existence of the evil, let us look for the remedy, the means by which this conquest of the Church shall be hastened. One there is, because one there must be; Christ himself has promised it: "*Non prævalebunt portæ inferi*;" but there is another old axiom upon which we Catholics must fall back, "*Assist yourself and God will assist you*." It will not do for us to sit down supinely, and quote Scripture, and wait for the day of the Lord; we must be up and doing, and we must do more than planning and talking. Plans innumerable have been suggested by which a solution to this school difficulty should be reached, while, as for talking, no clique of old maids, whetting their tongues over an ancient quilting-frame and a cup of social Bohea, ever did more *clattering* to less good practical purpose than we Catholics of America on this subject. For we must bear in mind that the school question is but a phase of the one grand conflict between truth and error, to which we have already alluded. It is a prime stroke of policy in the enemies of God when they seek to gain the child. It is striking the Church in her most vulnerable point, the very key to her entrenchments. On the other hand, the divine wisdom of the Church is nowhere more plainly shown than in the fact that she throws her utmost vigilance on that very point; hence the history of the Church is but one contemporaneous history of Christian education. It is a still smarter stroke of policy when Protestantism, by which term we comprehend everything opposed to the Church, feeling its own want of power, calls in the strong arm of the state, lays hold of the sword of the magis-

trate, to support its own side of the battle. This is the reduction of the case to its narrowest limits, in which we recognize simply the old, old contest between God and Cæsar, a question of Cæsarism far more important to us Catholics than any fanciful assumption of imperial powers concocted by the *New York Herald*.

In vain have we Catholics petitioned at the footstool of this purple-clad tyrant; in vain have proposed plans of relief in the shape of divisions of the school-fund, apportionment of school-houses, and all the various plans so well known as to need no repetition here; yet all our offers have been rejected, all our plans ignored; evidently there is no hope of relief as things stand at present, and we will be candid enough to say that we are not altogether sorry that our civil rulers have not seen fit to accept of some of our measures, for we have always thought that our own people displayed very little wisdom in their proposed remedies, and a decided untimeliness in the occasions they have taken for agitating the matter. We can readily comprehend how our Protestant fellow-citizens could produce many just objections to the division of the school-tax, and no other plan that we know of has been sufficiently complete as to protect all children of Catholic parents; as, for instance, in certain rural districts, when Protestants predominate, and when the population would be too small to support more than one school, by any of the divisions proposed, the minority of Catholic children would be no better off than they are now, and the soul of one child is relatively as valuable in the eyes of God as the souls of fifty million children; hence we object, decidedly object to what is not only an apportionment of funds or school-houses, but an apportionment of immortal souls.

Then, again, we have had the Bible agitation; have we fared any better here? Our Protestant fellow-citizens know very well that Bible or no Bible is immaterial to us. A public school, in which hundreds of Bibles are read, is just as much a godless school as a school-room minus the Bible. We Catholics have never pinned our salvation even on our own version of the Scriptures, and we certainly set no store upon corrupted editions. Yet what gainers are we in the end, as far as the mere question of education is involved, by this exclusion of the Scriptures from the public schools? Our Protestant antagonists very well know the true grounds of our opposition to the present system of free education to be not against it as a system, but as to the manner of carrying it out; they are perfectly cognizant of the fact that we oppose it. First, because it is not the business of the State to teach; if it does snatch that authority from the Church, let it teach its own kind. Secondly, because all education must, in the very fundamental order of divine Providence, be accompanied by not merely a moral, but a religious training, an education of the heart as well as of the head, in order to be a true education. The Catholic Church points to the civilization of heathen and classical ages—a civilization and a mental refinement—a knowledge of the arts and sciences to which our own age can produce no comparison. She points, at the same time, to the moral degradation of the ancient peoples—a degradation to which no comparison can be found save in our own age. She says, "See there! What avail is material progress unaccompanied by divine enlightenment?" She even points to the fact that our own age is inferior, in this respect, to that of the classical days, for then men did worship the only god they knew,

their own passions symbolized in stone and marble idols. Now, men knowing God refuse to love and serve Him. On the contrary, they blaspheme and hate Him because they cannot help believing in Him, while their pride rebels at the idea of being obliged to serve Him; they do not even bow down before graven images, but boldly declare that the only God is their own material self. All their philosophy, all their history, all their science is but the development of this worse than satanic theory. All their art is but the adornment of the domestic temple in which they have enshrined self, and the places where they develop, inculcate, and spread this theory are the public schools. Strike these down, and the whole fabric of modern infidelity and modern indecency tumbles with it; hence, the world, the flesh, and the Devil bring their combined forces to their defence, while civil laws and the secular and sectarian press lend their moral aid as a support to the triumvirate of iniquity.

On the other hand, the Church points to those blessed days when, emerging from the catacombs, she grasped the united standard of the Cross and the Labarum of Constantine, and went forth to civilize the world. From the days of Constantine to those of Charlemagne was the period of struggle and conquest; and when she surveyed the field of bloodless victory, she counted as her spoils the souls of all the nomadic and barbaric tribes blended with the redeemed refinement of the classic peoples; then began her era of cultivation. From Charlemagne to the so-called Renaissance, men, guided by her wisdom and taught by her inspirations, were all for God, and proved their heaven-born relationship to him by the erection of magnificent temples, the production of works of art like the statues of Michael Angelo, the paintings of Raphael, the poetry of

Dante, the music of Palestrina, and even in the decline of faith, when the Renaissance had galvanized the corpse of Paganism, the compositions of a Mozart and Haydn. She gave birth to mighty warriors, and initiated immortal enterprises; and if to later ages was left the development of higher scientific progress, it was because men, turning their backs on God, hampered and constrained her action. Had she been left to reign in even her earthly glory, material progress would have been *per se* none the less splendid, while it would have been illuminated with the additional lustre of a heaven-born certainty—an inspiration all divine. She cannot, indeed, claim the name of mother to such men as Darwin and Huxley in science; a Voltaire and Rousseau in philosophy; a Mirabeau, Cavour, and Castelar in politics; a Froude in history; a Swinburne in poetry; or a Garibaldi of the “begging sword” in military achievements; and she glories in the fact that they are not her children, since in all her progress, by blending the spirit of God with the system of education, she has elevated, not degraded men; for above all things else she has sanctified men, and blends with the names of her heroes, philosophers, scientists, artists, and statesmen those of myriads of saints, the lustre of whose virtue has wrapped her in a mantle of glory.

But modern enlightenment ignores such things as Saints. The elevated passions, not the statues, of confessors, martyrs, doctors, and virgins, adorn the temple of modern religion. Hence the world is drifting, drifting onward to social, intellectual, and spiritual suicide. What shall stop its downward course? Just what stopped it in the days of old, Christian education. Is it not sad, then, to know that there are many Catholics who, instead of aiding in the good work, are rather seeking to retard it.

That while they are vainly seeking for a remedy in political influence, looking for a reform where they will never find one; in the favoring smile of Cæsar they are neglecting the higher remedy, the only true antidote to all the evil, a Christian education for their children. “Educate the masses,” cry the popular leaders, “and Popery and superstition will dwindle before us.” “Educate the masses,” cries the Church to her children, “but educate them with a Christian, not a heathen education, and infidelity and immorality will fly back in terror to the deepest abyss of their native hell.” And now, just here, let us pause and inquire as to the full meaning of this much used term—a Christian education. A Christian education is one the primary elements of which are inculcated at the home fireside, in the strict moral training of parents, themselves well versed—as by the law of God and Christian marriage they are duly bound to be—in the moral and doctrinal teachings of their faith. Little by little, with much labor and patience, the force of good parental example, and ceaseless vigilance, must the work go on till the period of schooling, when the Church steps in and relieves the parent with the assistance of those holy men and women whom she by the grace of God has trained for the purpose. She relies not merely upon mental powers or efforts, but calls for and receives from her divine Spouse those spiritual graces without which all natural effort is vain. Children reared amid such hallowed influences cannot fail to show forth in after-life the results of such a training. The Catholic young man who has been solidly trained at home in the knowledge of his moral and religious duties will not be likely to be contaminated by those dangerous associations which are almost inseparable from college life. He

will no more think of missing Mass on a day of obligation, of neglecting the sacraments, of eating meat on Friday, of overreaching his neighbor in business, of indulging the baser passions either by sins of the eye, the tongue, the mind, or the act, than he would think of soaring in the air. His religion is a part of his being; he does not, indeed, make an undue display of it, because he bears it with him, not as an outer garment, but as a part of his very soul, animating almost unconsciously every thought, word, and act of his life; and should he by human frailty fall, he will rise again in the strength of grace as surely and as brilliantly as the morrow's sun. Such a one is a king of his kind; he goes forth in the majesty of a noble nature to conquer, not like the Macedonian hero, merely the material wealth and power of the entire world, but also, like the apostles of old, to capture the very hearts and souls of men. Yet this can generally be the result only of an education begun at home. The home influence *educates* the soul; the college career *instructs* the mind. The home training lays the foundation broad and deep; the college training builds the superstructure. In many instances the home erects the entire mental edifice; the college does but little even towards the superfluous adornment. Make of every home a Christian school, and we can afford to let our colleges crumble to ruins. Parents of the higher classes, to you this question has its most direct bearing. Why is it that your children are so ignorant of their faith? so irreverent in their opinions? so loose in their morals? so "liberal" in their ideas? so unintellectual in their conversation? Perhaps we can best answer by asking another question. Why is it that those whom you generally denominate the "inferior classes" are the larger portion of the fre-

quenters of our churches and our lecture halls? Because their poverty, their indigence, their trials have brought them nearer to God, for there is nothing like sorrow to inspire man with devotion. They have caught the spirit of their religion, and with it they have imbibed those nobler aspirations, those hungerings of the mind which are only satisfied by intellectual food. Moreover, the children of the Catholic masses receive their instruction from Catholic parish schools; that instruction is necessarily limited, the demands of poverty require that they shall speedily go forth and seek employment, which will relieve the pecuniary straits of their parents, but the sacred fire kindled in the temple of their minds by the vestal of religion will never be extinguished while she guards its flame. It glows, and spreads, and inflames the ardent breast of youth with that thirst for knowledge, that rational and intellectual enjoyment which springs therefrom, and the result is that every Catholic parish in the land, boasts, side by side with the church and schoolhouse, of its literary institute, with its well-stocked library of good books and journals, where the young men of the parish resort, after the labors of the day, to refresh and invigorate their minds, while the sons of our fashionable Catholics, who have received their smattering at professor so and so's select academy for young gents, and then taken a course at the high school, the university, or went *for six months* to a Catholic college, are revelling in the obscene delights of variety theatres, or similar entertainments, which would only be tolerated by ignorant and low-minded boobies; in a word, like the prodigal son, are feeding upon the husks of swine. And when any of their Protestant companions ask for a simple explanation of something relative to

Catholicity, why then they are in what Lord Dundreary would call "a regular fix."

To sum up, we would briefly say, what we have intended to be the keynote to this article, that the true solution of the school problem must not be hoped for in the political but rather in the moral order of things. Numerically, we Catholics are the weak side of the community, and, even if we were not, unlawful aggression is never allowable even against iniquitous laws. Political agitation is good, but Christian education is better. While the Catholic press and the Catholic rostrum are slowly but surely doing their work, a work that is beginning

to tell even upon the well-balanced minds of reasonable Protestants, who are themselves gaining a growing perception of the evils of our public schools, by the side of Christian hearthstones, neath the shadow of Christian temples, under the cross-crowned domes of Christian colleges, the good work goes silently but bravely on. The flame of Catholic education lit there from the torch of truth will spread abroad, and like the "fire fighting fire" kindled by the trappers on our Western prairies, will prove the conqueror of those lurid glows of infidelity kindled by the minions of Satan, and belching forth from the abysses of hell.

THE MARTYRS OF SEBASTE.

THE sun shone not for those of whom we write; their hearts might gain no comfort from the sympathy of God's beautiful creation. Not even in the scorn or hate of their pagan foes could their courage find support. In the silent night, in the winter's biting cold, alone, unseen of men, the martyrs laid them down to die. To die—and what a death! Bruised with clubs, and torn with whips, weary with long nights of painful watching, fainting with long privation and loss of blood, the couch prepared for them is the frozen surface of that lake just outside the city walls; and there they must lie, until the pitiless cold shall slowly, slowly, but surely, drive back the life-blood from hand, and foot, and limb, and force its way, inch by inch, to life's sanctuary, the heart, and stay its throbbing forever. Not one, but many deaths, each one of them must die—must

feel in each bruised member the agony of the last struggle.

But the stout heart failed them not, and the strong will supported them, and the fire of God's dear love burnt within them so warmly, that scarce they heeded the bitter cold without; and dauntless as when they bore Rome's eagles in triumph against Rome's enemies, the soldiers of Jesus prepared them for the final struggle.

The martyrs of Christ, as they lie outstretched upon their frozen bed, gaze upward to the silent heavens with their glittering stars, upward to the heaven where their spirits long to be.

Even as the Jewish children in their fiery furnace sung the praises of their Creator, so sang they canticles of love and thanksgiving, and pondered on the mystic number of their band and thought how God had stayed among His people

on Mount Sinai just forty days, and how, in wanderings of forty years, He led them to the promised land; how the great Prophet Elias, type of Christ, fasted forty days; how Jesus, in the wilderness, fulfilled that which His servant had pre-figured. And, as they thought, great joy filled their hearts, and they sang:

Wondrous art Thou, God Eternal!
Who shall measure all Thy ways?
Seraphs' wisdom may not know Thee,
Though ever on Thy face they gaze.

Forty days on Sinai's mountain
Moses prayed in speechless awe:
Came replenished from the fountain,
Came to teach the world Thy law.

Forty years, through trackless desert,
Thou, the help of those in need,
Led Thy people to the promise
Made to Abraham and his seed.

Forty days did Juda's prophet
Hold himself from earthly food:
Thou meanwhile his strength and refuge,
Making thus Thy promise good.

Came at length the Child of promise,
Jesus, Saviour, Mary's Son:
Come from Heaven our woes to solace,
To heal our race by sin undone.

Forty days He prayed and fasted
As His prophet erst had done;
Teaching thus to men hereafter
How the Kingdom may be won.

Father! we Thy children pray Thee;
Forty we began the fight;
Grant that forty we may enter
Realms of never-fading light!

So they sang and prayed, while the gentle stars looked down, and cheered the martyrs with their soft radiance, and filled their minds with happy thoughts of that bright city, whose light is the Lamb, where those who have loved justice shine as stars for all eternity.

Sole earthly witness of the scene, the weary sentinel, who trod his lonely round beside the frozen lake, stopping at times to warm himself by the watchfire, and gaze dreamily on the unwonted spectacle, and wonder whence these men gained strength and courage to meet so hard a fate so joyously—gazed and wondered, not without interest. For, simple soldier though he was, he felt within him a consciousness, an existence, whose nature his poor skill could never fathom, heard speak within him a voice whose

warning he might disregard, but could not choose but hear; longed sometimes for happiness with an unspeakable longing, sought it as best he might, yet never found it; looked forward sometimes into the great eternity that lay before, and strove to see if haply he could find his place therein.

He bowed down before the genius of Rome, and adored the divinity of her emperors, and fought beneath her eagles, hoping the while, and praying sometimes, that the unknown God would reveal Himself to His creature.

As he stood there, leaning on his spear, and gazing on the martyrs, the joy and peace of whose uplifted countenances contrasted so strangely with the agony that was wasting their life away, the watcher half wondered whether these men had found Him whom he had sought so long in vain; and unconsciously his eyes followed their upward gaze, as though the starry firmament might tell the history he craved so earnestly to know. And He who loves to reveal to little ones the wonders that are hidden from the proud and rich ones of the earth, opened his eyes that he might see what great things God does for those who love Him. For, as he gazed, the heavens opened, and the glory of God's eternal throne beamed down in golden radiance upon the martyr band.

And behold! as he gazed, came down celestial messengers, bearing each a crown of gold, and branch of palm, and reverently on each dying hero they placed the symbol of victory, and something of the heavenly radiance played around each pallid brow. And as they placed the palm within their hands, they whispered to them sweet words of love and comfort; words that brought a joyous smile to the bloodless lips, and flushed each dying face, as though for a moment the fire that burnt within them had sent

the life-blood bounding through their veins once more.

Gazing in speechless awe, the watcher noticed one whose head no crown encircled, whose brow no heavenly radiance illuminated, in whose hand no visitant from on high had placed the conqueror's palm.

And while he wondered what this strange exception might signify, suddenly the vision vanished from his view, and the soldier knelt in lowly reverence to adore the Christian's God.

For he had found Him at last! That Almighty Being whose hands had formed and fashioned him round about, whom his inmost soul had craved so long and so ardently to know.

And the eyes that had once seen the glory of the eternal throne could find no longer anything of beauty amid the things of earth, and the ears that had drunk in the celestial melody could no more take delight in earthly harmonies; and as his spirit strove within him ever more and more vehemently to burst its earthly bonds, and wing its way to its kindred heaven, he prayed, oh how earnestly! that if it were the will of his great Father in heaven, he might at once be called from the land of exiles, and admitted to the palace of the Eternal King.

As he prayed, a cry of lamentation struck upon his ear, and looking to the ice-bound lake with its precious burden, he saw upon each dying face a thrill of agony, such as their greatest tortures had not been able to force from them; each nerveless hand was raised in warning and supplication, while from their midst tottered forth that one to whom no crown of victory had been given, and hastened to offer incense to the idol erected on the bank.

Alas, for poor human nature! So near the goal, yet failing in the last effort of the race! So near a martyr's crown, yet fainting in the very moment of victory. So near

the haven of a glorious eternity, yet willing to plunge again into the stormy sea of time.

Was it in punishment of some secret sin, or had he dared to place his confidence in his own weak purpose? Wonderful are Thy works, O Lord! and Thy judgments are just!

Thus was the mystic number destroyed, and it almost seemed that God had not willed to grant the last petition of His faithful servants. But He who knows how from evil to draw forth greater good, knew how to grant their prayer to His own exceeding glory.

And by sweet inspiration He spoke to the heart of him who yet lay prostrate in mute adoration, and showed him how he might at once attain the object of his prayer, and add thereto the martyr's palm and crown of endless glory.

Soldier of Cæsar he had been but one little hour before, but he rose from his prayer the soldier of Christ, ready to do battle and die in His cause, who had so lovingly called him to His service.

So he sped him to the tent hard by, and woke the guard from their slumbers, and in simple speech professed his faith in the Christian's God.

The wondering legionaries gazed upon him in mute surprise. It was so strange a revelation to them. They had known him so long—seen him in the battle-field—who braver than he? who called on Mars, their warrior god, more cheerily? when they gathered round the camp fire, whose voice more loud to sing the praise of Bacchus, joyous god of wine and revelry? Had he ever refused libation to Capitolian Jupiter, or hesitated to burn incense to the divinity of the emperors or the eagles of mighty Rome? And now, by his own speech, confessed a Christian! a believer in they knew not what absurdities, worshipper of an ass's head, partaker in abominable rites, member of a secret

combination, whose aim was to overthrow the grand fabric of Roman power.

Such evil must not be allowed to spread. So, without much ado, they carried him off to their tribune, and bade him tell his tale again.

That officer was sorely perplexed by the, as he deemed it, untoward occurrence. The imperial edict admitted of no exception. All such as confessed themselves Christians were to suffer death. Yet it was so very annoying! The man had been the best soldier in his troop, and his last act of bravery had won him the decorations which yet glittered on his breast.

But there was no help for it. It needed but a single glance to see that persuasion would be altogether lost on one whose resolution was already formed. So with a peevish air, the tribune ran through the usual form, which condemned "Constans, soldier of the twelfth legion, for having embraced the absurd superstition of the Christians, to suffer death," and ordering him to be placed with those whose martyrdom was now almost consummated, the officer turned away.

Then they led him back to the frozen lake, and bound his willing hands, and placed him with the rest. With a last strong effort the dying heroes lifted up their voices in strains of joy and thanksgiving to Him who had so wondrously vouchsafed to hear their prayer. And they welcomed, with sweet brotherly affection, and countenances beaming with joy, the neophyte whom God had chosen to fill the mystic number of their band.

A mighty love, and a vehement longing was born therewith within his heart. Faster and faster still it throbbed and palpitated within his breast, till the weak flesh could bear no more the struggle that consumed its power, and, bounding to meet the God for whom it thirsted, the heart was stilled at last, and

the freed spirit flew to the embrace of its Creator. For the fight was over, and the victory won, and Christ had called His heroes to their reward. And then a second time were thrown open the eternal gates, and the princes of God's Kingdom poured forth to meet the conquerors. Choirs of gleaming angels, with golden harps, singing their hymns of triumph; countless martyrs, with crowns of rubies, whence streamed forth crimson light that threw a radiance around; confessors and holy pontiffs, on whose brow was reflected the wisdom of the Eternal King; and then that mystic band, whose garments have been washed in the blood of the Lamb; they to whom it has been given to bear the spotless lily of virginity, who sing the song no other voice may sing; and in their midst the King of kings Himself, the Lord Jesus, clothed with the glory which was His before the world was made, come with ineffable love to lead His children home!

Whose tongue shall tell the joy that filled their hearts, as sounded in their ears those blessed words:

"Well done! My good and faithful ones!" And then from angelic choir and martyr band, from confessors and pontiffs, and joyous virgins, arose the exulting strains:

"The souls of the just are in the hands of God! Devil's torments shall not harm them! To the eyes of foolish ones, they seemed to die, but their end is in peace," and so, borne by angels' hands, they ascended to that city, whose foundations are laid in sapphires, whose palaces are of living pearl, until they reached the glory of the eternal throne, and prostrate adored the Triune Deity. And the light of His countenance was sealed upon them, and angels led them to thrones of light amid that blessed choir, where "The white-robed army of martyrs doth praise Thee, O Lord our God!"

CONFERENCES ON THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH.

THE CONFORMITY OF THE HEBREWS AND GENTILES, A PROOF OF THE TRUTH
OF THE SCRIPTURE NARRATIVE.

IX.

THE unity of origin, which is one of the strongest testimonies of antiquity in favor of Moses, might be proved by a great many ceremonies common to all nations; but we shall quote only a few, which being undeniably universal, of course cannot proceed from any other but the common source assigned by Moses.

It was a custom, as ancient as the family of Noah, to consecrate by a memorial or monument of gratitude such places as had been favored with some signal grace of Almighty God, or honored by the marks of His presence. These memorials were called Bethel, that is, Sojourn of God. The same name was also given to such places as had for a long while served for the holding of religious assemblies. In the simplicity of those times, the monument consisted of a heap of stones, or a block of marble roughly hewed into the form of a cone, a column, a table, or an altar. They sprinkled it with fragrant oils, or laid thereon offerings that were abandoned to the poor. It marked the place where religious congregations met together to sacrifice, or eat in common. We may quote Jacob's deed, who according to the laudable custom of the first religious ages, laid on the place where the Lord had appeared to him, not indeed an object to be adored, but a monument of his gratitude. He consecrated it by an aspersion of oil, and gave it the name of Bethel. Also we notice the altar that was erected on the banks of the river Jordan, to inform future ages that the half-tribe of Manasses, the tribe of Gad, and that of Reuben who lived on the other side of Jordan, had the same God, the same

religion, and the same prerogatives as the tribes who lived on the opposite side. But this erection of a title or altar, intended as a memorial, becoming in the gradual aberrations of idolatry a very common occasion of corruptions and superstitions in worship, the law of Moses and the practice of the Jews restrained it by many reserves.

Another custom, as ancient as the world and common to the people of the Lord and to the Gentiles, was to make a covenant with God, the Deity, to bind themselves to fulfil the laws, and practice virtue; to utter imprecations against transgressors, and to express them either by set forms, to be repeated loudly in song, or at least by the significant usage of dividing the victim, to make the contracting parties pass between the two portions of it; or of striking the head of the victim with a stone. This ceremonial is often mentioned in the sacred Scripture; and the covenants are as often repeated as the falls of the people were frequent. Whilst the same customs are found among the Gentiles, the division of the victim was more common in the East, and the percuting more frequent in the West. In the East they called it, "to divide the bond," and in the West, to "strike the bond;" a short expression meaning to bind one's self to God for the keeping of His laws, and consent to be used as the victim, in case of transgressing the engagement contracted. This last intention was still better expressed and imprinted on the memory by means of the tunes of the imprecatory forms, classically

named, "*Lex horrendi carminis.*" These forms are in the treaties mentioned by Livy; and we may remark the arrangement with which Moses ordered the blessings and imprecations to be pronounced upon the people of Israel, by two choirs placed on separate mounts.

To these first ceremonies of mutual engagement that strictly bound the contracting parties, others of the same tendency were added; such as the aspersion of the blood of the victim over all the assistants, and the common repast, which was a sign of the participation in the same obligations, but chiefly an emblem of peace and brotherly love. The laws and all proper regulations, together with the blessings and imprecations, were either expressed by symbolical figures, or set in writing and engraved on columns, or preserved in a trunk that was portable or stationary, according to the usages of different nations. The sight of this article in public solemnities was suitable to remind them of their oaths. Hence the trunk of the Thesmophoriæ, that is, the trunk of the regulations that gave their name to the sacrifices for Ceres; hence the trunk of Bacchus and Osiris, &c., &c. But the Gentiles made a horrid abuse of it, by converting symbols adopted without any discretion, into so many objects of an abominable worship; whereas Moses, by preserving the proper use of the ark, introduced into the ceremonial a purity and dignity worthy of the Lord.

The last custom common to the nations which we may conclude with, was baptism, or the ceremony of purifying one's self outwardly, by the aspersion of water, by carefully washing head, feet, and hands, or by a more general immersion. This baptism was both a warning and a promise of being pure. These practices are met with very generally in the Scripture and profane

writers. It was customary in the several parts, as well as in the whole performance, of a sacrifice, in a solemn and popular covenant, or when they wished to express the intention of a private person who had a mind to change his religion and nation, to lead a new life, or to expiate some great fault by satisfactory works, to use this expression, "*Purify himself,*" which was an abbreviation signifying a certain series of religious actions, preceded by a baptism of pure water. Thus instead of saying, "*We are preparing everything for a great sacrifice to Jupiter; We immolate victims on his altar; We sing his praises, and implore his assistance, and then eat in common the flesh of the victims;*" Virgil expresses all that in two words, "*Lustramurque Jovi*"—we purify ourselves in honor of Jupiter. The same expression was common among the Jews; purifying the people, being a disposition to a sacrifice, or to the renewal of a covenant, which consisted of a certain number of actions, the first of which being always a baptism, sufficiently designated all the rest by its name. When Samuel or Esdras "*purifies*" the people, that single word means a series of actions fit to constitute a renewal of alliance with God. Likewise receiving the baptism of John the Baptist, was binding one's self to a change of conduct and entering upon a new life by a regular series of fasts, prayers, sacrifices, alms, and other pious actions, the first of which was baptism, or the outward purification. Hence the expression of the Christians, "*To receive baptism;* such and such a Jew, such and such an infidel, has received baptism." It is an abbreviated expression, that does not signify barely the reception of the first Christian sacrament; it implies the idea of complete Christian justice, the totality of the life of a Christian, who is no more than introduced into the

church by baptism. Purifying one's self is then a phrase understood everywhere to mean a series of well-known actions, characterized at once by that which was indispensably previous to all the rest. We may observe that there can remain no obscurity in the famous expression of St. Paul, "to purify one's self for the dead;" it means a series of fasts, prayers, sacrifices, and alms, towards obtaining mercy in favor

of the beloved deceased, beginning by the action or symbol of purity, which is always the introduction of such pious works. This symbol is found at the doors of all our churches, and in the commencement of the most adorable sacrifice of the new law. This shows the perfect accord of Catholic customs with those of the first Christians and even with those of the first inhabitants of the world.

PICTURES IN STONE.

"Thick inlaid with patines of bright gold."—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE art of working in mosaic is the almost exclusive property of modern Italy, having descended to the skilful artists of Rome and Florence from their ancestors, who adorned in classic time the palaces of the Cæsars, and devoted themselves during the era of early Christian art to the decoration of the cathedral of St. Mark. With an amazing patience mastering his passionate southern blood—with a conscientious fidelity that perpetuates to this day the earnest spirit of Giotto and Masaccio—with a steady progressiveness of execution that has come in time to rival the very touches of the flexile brush, the Italian mosaicist has gone on from century to century translating painting into marbles and precious stones, piling up the labor of his unrecorded life upon imperishable tablets, and transmitting with his work and his improvements an inheritance of fresh patience, fresh love, and fresh ambition to his successors.

It has been our good fortune of late to follow the development of this admirable art throughout all the stages of its progress, from the tessellated pavements and fallen ceilings of the imperial ruins, down

to the marvellous reproductions of Titian and Correggio in the papal workshops at the Vatican. Briefly to detail the results of these observations, and to convey at the same time some notion of the laborious method by which pictures in stone are pieced and perfected, is therefore the object of the present paper.

Mosaic art naturally divides itself into three periods—the antique, the medieval, and the modern. Of these, the antique is the boldest and least mannered; the medieval, the most defective and meagre; the modern, both for elaboration of color and workmanship, the best. The early Roman mosaics are formed of colored marbles, with an occasional intermingling of burnt clay for the warmest reds. These pieces, or *tessellæ*, consist of small cubic blocks about the size of dice, and are now and then found to vary in magnitude as the delicacy or vastness of the design may require. Thus the ingenious patterns in giallo, rosso, and verde antico, and the gigantic dragons in black and white marble which are lying open to the air and sun, but still undecayed, amid the ruins of the baths of Caracalla, are but roughly

shapen, and exhibit gaping interstices filled up with cement. The famous pavement of the Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, preserved in the circular hall at the Vatican, and the exquisite mosaic of gladiators and animals found at Vermicino, and now laid down in the great hall of the princely Borghese villa, manifest, on the other hand, a degree of artistic merit, carefulness, and finish, which might almost challenge comparison with some of the modern works at St. Peter's, or the medallions that decorate with "riches fineless" the magnificent aisles of the new basilica of St. Paul's beyond the Walls. The heads are full of spirit, the grouping admirable, and the anatomy surprisingly accurate. The latter specimen is especially valuable on account of the costumes introduced, and the particulars of the combat there represented. Lions, tigers, buffaloes, oxen, and even ostriches, are seen to have been the victims of the arena, and some of the men are designated by name in rude mosaic lettering. This work is supposed to date from the third century, and, together with the Battle of Centaurs, and the great pavement of the Athletæ now laid down in a large hall near the Christian Museum at the Lateran, is perhaps the finest and least injured of old Roman mosaics now extant.

With the revival of art in the middle ages, a new sort of mosaic came into fashion, whereof the material was a species of composition, variously colored, and glazed, to represent enamel. In imitation of the religious pictures of the period, these medieval mosaics were generally relieved by a gilded background, and being necessarily and at all times harder than painting, exaggerated the defects without exhibiting much of the excellence of the contemporary pictorial art. The famous Navicella, representing

St. Peter walking on the sea, executed by Giotto in 1293, is probably the finest medieval work of this kind in existence. The mosaics of Cavallini and his contemporaries, as well as those which decorate the vestibules and baptistery of the cathedral of St. Mark, are, on the contrary, more curious than beautiful; and, being treated after the stiff and literal manner which has latterly obtained the name of pre-Raphaelesque, occasionally provoke a smile where they are intended to awake devotion. The more modern mosaics, and, above all, that fine one of St. Mark, in pontifical robes, designed by Titian, and executed by the Zuccati, must be excepted from criticism, and allowed to rank with all but the very marvels of recent production. For these, unrivalled as they are in color, delicacy, and fidelity, we must turn to the magnificent altar-pieces, and the no less magnificent, though necessarily coarser decorations of the domes and ceilings of St. Peter's. Here, bewildered at first, and unable to believe that they are other than they seem, we find the masterpieces of the Renaissance reproduced on every side. Fresh and brilliant are they, as if removed but yesterday from the easel—changed in stone, as before the glance of Medusa—fadeless, perfect, indestructible by aught save fire. Here is the Transfiguration of Raphael, the St. Michael of Guido, the St. Francis and St. Sebastian of Domenichino. Far above, peopling the circuit of the mighty dome, and filling the spandrels of the great arches, we see more mosaics, as delicate, apparently, as those above the altars, but constructed nevertheless upon a scale proportioned to their elevation. The cherubs up there are larger than Gog and Magog, and the pen in the hand of St. Mark measures six feet in length.

From St. Peter's to the manufacture of mosaics in the Vatican is

but a step, and no traveller should leave Rome without having visited it. Much as he may have admired the *chefs-d'œuvre* in the neighboring cathedral, he can form but a poor conception of their value till he has witnessed with his own eyes the toilsome elaboration which they exact at the hands of the artist. It is no trade, this working of pictures in stone, and the mosaicist is no mere plodding mechanic. A refined judgment, an extensive knowledge of art, an eye trained to follow the minutest gradations of color, and a full appreciation of the various schools, must guide the hand of the patient copyist, who thus invests the masterpieces of all time with something like an earthly immortality. To conquer the enormous difficulties of his profession, the mosaicist must first become, to all intents, an artist; and few who have witnessed the process would be disposed to deny his claim to the title.

The substance from which the enamels are formed is a composition made with lead, iron, zinc, copper, and gold, and subjected to the heat of a furnace. The relative proportions of these metals vary with the color required to be produced. The shades of color are developed by a greater or lesser degree of heat. It is a mistake to suppose that these enamels are nothing but opaque pieces of glass; they are purely metallic combinations, harder than stone, undefaceable by weather or time, and only to be affected by the action of fire. All along the great lines of shelves which cover the walls of the vast galleries from top to bottom, sorted in compartments, protected by wirework, like books in a library, and labelled numerically—each number standing for a color or shade of a color—are stored the slabs of composition, ready for use. They embrace every conceivable tint, beginning at pure white, and ending with black. Their number is twenty thousand.

"Nature," we were told, in reply to our surprised inquiry, "has more than twenty thousand colors. They are not sufficient even for art. We are frequently obliged to temper the enamel in a spirit-lamp, to produce the exact hue we require."

A man engaged in fitting some tiny morsels for the jagged edges of a rose-leaf, smiled at our remark on the tediousness of the work.

"The labor is nothing," he said, "so long as it is followed by success. The artist in mosaic is content if his work be only well done, since that which is well done is done forever. He is sometimes occupied during ten, fifteen, or twenty years upon one large subject—such, for instance, as the Communion of St. Jerome. Sometimes the labor of his whole lifetime suffices only for the completion of three or four pictures. But what is that? The frescoes of Michael Angelo are not imperishable, and the canvas of the divine Raphael must in time fall in pieces and decay; but the work of the mosaicist is imperishable. His pictures can never fade. The Pyramids of Egypt are not more lasting; and when all the years of his life have been dedicated to the perpetuation of such a work as the Transfiguration, or the St. Peter Martyr, he feels at least that he has not lived in vain."

The mosaic-worker was an enthusiast; but enthusiasm is not rare in Rome. We have seen quite unlearned men—soldiers, peasants, mechanics, and the like—standing, as if in a dream, before the great masterpieces of the Vatican, and enjoying them to the full as keenly as the aristocratic amateurs who find their way in for a couple of pauls on the closed days. In the artist, this feeling is necessarily intensified proportionately to his knowledge. Perhaps it would not be going too far to suggest that this very enthusiasm has somewhat to do with the decline of modern

art in Italy. The student of promise is sent hither by the heads of the great academy in which he has been trained—he loiters away his three years amid picture-galleries and ruins—he perhaps adds a few rambling sketches to his portfolio—it may be that he copies one or more of the great pictures; not to retain as life-long studies and memorials, but to sell to some suburban convent or chapel, for money to pay his reckoning at the *Trattoria di Lepre*. These are, too frequently, the only results of his journey. He has admired, but he has not worked. His genius is crushed by the contemplation of an excellence to which he is persuaded human prowess can never attain a second time. By the very generosity of his delight, by the very depth of his artistic faith, he is undone. But this is a digression.

The manufactory of mosaics at the Vatican consists of several long galleries, opening out one after the other, and filled with busy workers. Each artist has a small table to himself, the design standing before him on an easel; a spirit-lamp, and a grindstone. The spirit-lamp, as we have already stated, is of use in the production of minute differences of color; the grindstone is necessary for the better shaping of the little morsels of enamel, since these, although prepared for him up to a certain size by the workmen, can only be curved to the purposes of his subject by the artist himself. We were shown a box of brown enamels, as first cut by the workmen, to be afterwards dealt out to the mosaicists. Some were as large as broad beans; some shaped into little flat sticks; some were mere threads, not much thicker than needles; and others, again, were minute cubes about the size of a pin's head. Great cases are placed here and there along the galleries, filled with models of the tints, to the full number of twenty thousand. These

models are shaped and colored like cakes of water-color; and arranged in tiny square holes, something like the letters in a compositor's case.

The process of forming the mosaic picture is very curious. A large slab of slaty calcareous stone is prepared for the back or groundwork, and cut away to a depth varying from the sixteenth to three-fourths of an inch, as the scale of the work may require. It is then filled in and levelled down with a soft composition, upon which the artist makes his outline. As he proceeds with his work, he cuts away the composition, and substitutes a thick yellow cement, into which the mosaic fragments are carefully imbedded. In the choice of these, the mosaicist proves himself a true artist. Through all the gradations and evanescent effects of color, he has no guide but his eye, no resource but infinite patience and judgment. The most valuable paintings are intrusted to him, as they are intrusted to the weavers at the manufactory of Gobelin tapestries in Paris. The original paintings, from which were executed the mosaics in the vaultings and domes of St. Peter's, are all preserved at the manufactory; and the designs for the portraits of the Popes at St. Paul's beyond the Walls, hang round the rooms. Some notion of the value and delicacy of mosaic portraiture may be conveyed by the fact that, in a portrait of Pope Paul V, the face alone is said to contain no less than one million and a half of pieces.

Pictures in stone—at least those produced at the Pope's studios—are not purchasable with money. They are made only for the Pontiff and his palaces, for the basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul's beyond the Walls, and for purposes connected with the papal government. Occasionally some crowned head or eminent noble is so fortunate as to receive one from his holiness; but

the honor is exceptional, and seldom conferred upon any but good Catholics. The finest Vatican mosaic ever produced is said to be a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, now in the possession of the Emperor of Austria. It was executed for Napoleon, when king of Italy, is of the same size as the original, cost between \$35,000 and \$40,000, and occupied ten artists during more than eight years.

Totally different in style and material, but in some cases even more valuable than the Vatican mosaics, are the gem mosaics of Florence. In the former, the colors are artificially produced by a composition of metals; in the latter, only precious stones are employed, and the various tints are formed by a careful adaptation of such gradations as the material affords. Amethyst, jasper, chalcedony, turquoise, yellow topaz, coral, cornelian, agate, lapis lazuli, malachite, alabaster, and rich marbles, are transformed by the skill of the mosaicist into the most admirable and elaborate representations of flowers, fruit, arabesques, and heraldic ornaments. The beautiful brooches of inlaid jaspers which are occasionally to be seen in the cases of our best jewellers, are all from Florentine manufactories.

Being already much interested in the art, and desirous of comparing the process with that of the workers at the Vatican, we devoted a considerable portion of our brief Florentine visit to pilgrimages among the mosaic studios so plentifully scattered throughout that charming city.

In the workshops in the Vatican, each workman has his own bench and table, and works separately. The process is very tedious, requiring the utmost possible nicety of hand and eye, and the tools are very small and delicate. We were shown files and lapidary-wheels of lilliputian dimensions, and tiny

saws like steel threads fitted on a bow. With these, the gems and the *pietro duro*, or stoneground, are sawn and shaped; for marbles and jaspers being, of course, very expensive when brilliant in color, are only used in thin veneers, about one-eighth of an inch in thickness.

Every mosaic is first made in a groundwork of soft gray stone, afterwards to be transferred into the *pietro duro*. On this soft stone the outline is carefully engraved; and as the mosaicist proceeds, he cuts it away without difficulty, and substitutes mastic and precious stones. A little box stands beside him, filled with jewels—looking, by the way, very worthless and dull, but beautiful enough when ground down and polished. When none of these will furnish the exact hue required, it is sometimes possible to produce it artificially. Thus, we were shown a fine cherry in a group of flowers and fruits, which, having been cut from a piece of amber chalcedony, and exposed to the action of fire, had acquired all the rich and ruddy tones of the natural fruit. Some laurel leaves of a delicately graduated olive-green, were brought, said the workman, from the bed of the Arno—other greens from the neighboring mountains, from the Low Countries, and from Russia. These mosaics of *pietre commesse*, or mixed stones, are much less elaborate as regards the size of the pieces than those of Rome or Venice; and yet, in consequence of the extreme hardness of the materials, take almost as long to execute. A small white rosebud, we were told, had occupied the mosaicist for an entire fortnight, although each leaf was formed out of a single piece, and there were only twelve pieces in all. A bunch of flowers, somewhat less than the palm of one's hand, was the work of three months.

Even more tedious, and not nearly so interesting, is the preparation of the *pietro duro* into which the

mosaic is transferred when done. The *pietro duro* is generally chosen of a dark or black color, and is very fine, close-grained, and hard. On this, a piece of white paper, delicately traced with the outline of the mosaic, is pasted down. The workman then proceeds to cut away the stone for the reception of the mosaic, leaving the space for every tendril, thorn, petal, or jagged leaf, with an accuracy and patience that is almost inconceivable. When he has finished, it is perfect to a hair-breadth; the mosaics are the same; they fit together with marvellous accuracy; and it only remains for a third workman to unite them with mastic, to set them in a grounding of white cement, and to complete the solidity of the whole by placing a slab of slate at the back. Excepting metal, there is nothing so hard of texture as the *pietro duro*. The point of a pin will make no impression on it, even when rough; and it has to be cut by means of a fine steel wire, and worked down with emery and a wheel. Merely to cut the space for a scroll about three inches in length and one and a half in breadth, has employed one man for more than a week; and to prepare the groundwork for the small bunch of flowers lately named, had taken sixteen days. But the greatest marvel of all awaited us at the table of a workman who was busily joining a mosaic into its groundwork of *pietro duro*. The design represented a basket of flowers surrounded by arabesques. All was completed, with the exception of one tiny hole. This hole was left a little way above a beautiful blush-rose, and was somewhat less than the size of the head on a gold dollar.

The master smiled at our expression of curiosity; and the workman, obedient to his glance, took from the box a morsel of mosaic, and fitted it to the hole. It was a tiny butterfly, wrought in emerald green,

scarlet, azure, and gold, with purple peacock's eyes on the wings, and dark velvety shadings on the body. It fitted so exactly, even to the thread-like antennæ, that it was difficult to believe how space enough could remain for the cement.

The workmen were all young, or in the prime of life. Several among them looked delicate, and some shook their heads sadly when questioned, and confessed that their sight was already slightly impaired. We afterwards learned that the employment was injurious not only to the eyes, but to the general health—that few Florentine mosaicists enjoyed a long tenure of life—and that the workmen engaged in the grand ducal manufactory are released from labor at sixty years of age, and comfortably pensioned off for the remainder of their lives.

But there are yet other mosaics than these—the *basso-relievo* mosaics of the Russians. By some these are called *cameo-mosaics*, and we have heard them very aptly described as “stone modellings done in relief,” which perfectly expresses the effect of their raised amethyst grapes, coral cherries, cornelian currants, and pebble plums. A curious, but agreeable, and comparatively inexpensive kind of glass mosaic, has of late been brought before the public. It is very adaptable to household ornamentation. The Hindoos are said, however, to excel all other nations in the minute delicacy and elegance of their *pietro duro* mosaics.

Lastly, we read of a curious and beautiful kind of feather-mosaic work, executed by the ancient Mexicans, long before the period of their subjection by the Spaniards. Clavigero relates in his history that birds of rich plumage were bred for this purpose, and that the feathers sold at high prices in the market according to the brilliancy of their hues. When any great mosaic was proposed, the artists assembled,

and divided the work among them, having previously taken every precaution for insuring the correspondence of the various parts, and the ultimate unity of the whole. So exact were they, and so careful, that the mosaicist sometimes passed an entire day in the arrangement of a single feather. His process, though delicate and difficult, was simplicity itself, and consisted only in pasting the feathers upon pieces of cloth, in imitation of the pattern agreed upon.

Enough, however, of mosaics. We have reached the end, or what, in consideration of prescribed usages, must be made the end, of our article. Of so interesting and widely diffused an art, one might write a volume; of the associations connected with it, an unlimited number of volumes. Even thus long trains of pleasant recollections start up around us, and with importunate

temptations, strive to arrest our farewell. Once more we lose ourselves gazing upward into the golden glooms of the vaultings of St. Mark's—once more we are gathering violets and wild crocuses amid the mosaic-strewn fields that formed in time past the floorings of hall and corridor in Hadrian's villa, under the pines of Tivoli—once more we tread the green solitudes of the baths of Caracalla, where the shadows fall solemnly on arch and tower, and the placid evening sunlight slants between. Here are some quiet sheep browsing beside the fallen pillars; yonder lies a huge fragment of vaulted ceiling, overgrown with weeds and brambles, and showing glimpses of mosaic work between the fluttering leaves. It was amid such sad and lofty scenes we learned to love Pictures in Stone; and we part from them, reader, with a sigh.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CHRYSOSTOM. A Series of Dramatic Sketches illustrating the Life and Times of St. John Chrysostom. By Edwin Johnson. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago, 1873.

The history of the life and times of the golden-tongued patriarch of Constantinople presents materials for a magnificent Christian romance. When Cardinal Wiseman wrote his splendid novel, *Fabiola*, a perfect picture of the days indicated by its minor title, *The Church of the Catacombs*, it was proposed to have it succeeded, if possible, by three other grand Christian novels, illustrative of the succeeding ages of the Church, as expressed in their proposed titles, *The Church of the Basilicas*, *The Church of the Cloisters*, and *The Church of the Schools*. It always occurred to us that the days of St. Chrysostom was the best period to

illustrate the second of these, not only because the Church was then enthroned resplendently in her glorious ancient temples, the very magnificence of which was a symbol of the most brilliant era of her power, ecclesiastical and civil, but also because that era furnished such dramatic events as were peculiarly fitted to be the theme of a Christian romance. The Lady Ida, Countess of Hahn-Hahn, in her brilliant little tale, *Endoxia*, seems to have been inspired with the same idea, but her realization has fallen far short of our conception. Mr. Johnson has embodied the same thought in the work before us, and in the manner indicated by its title, the narrative being founded on the ancient lives of the saint by Neander and Perthes.

It is written in the form of blank verse, and though somewhat lacking in the poetical element, is nevertheless chaste

and elevated in its diction, and some of the scenes are decidedly beautiful. We think, however, that the character of the Saint's mother, as portrayed in the second scene, is hardly conformable to historical truth; the author himself seems to be in doubt upon the point, for he places a similar idea in the mouth of Chrysostom. We hope that the author will excuse us, too, if we tell him that his poem wants one great charm, namely, the warmth and fervor with which a writer inspired by the spirit of the Catholic faith would have animated it. Among the various rhymed and metrical passages with which the book is interspersed we quote the following as the gem of the composition :

"Lord of the day and of the dark,
We glory in Thy gracious name;
No wind-blown, evanescent spark,
It burns a pure and steadfast flame.

"Thy name is LOVE, resplendent still,
When prosperous suns expire or glow;
Its beams the sky of pleasure fill,
And brightly tint grief's tearful bow.

"The silver and the sable threads
Together make life's fabric fair:
No perfect landscape but outspreads
Some sober glooms amid the glare.

"Oh LOVE most fond and firm and wise!
Lead us the way Thou choosest well:
Where'er the changeful pathway lies,
A constant joy with us shall dwell."

We congratulate the author on the neat and tasteful style in which the publishers have presented his work to the public, and we cheerfully recommend its perusal.

CATHOLICITY AND PANTHEISM: all Truth or no Truth. An Essay by Rev. J. De Concilio, of the Propaganda College, Professor of Moral and Dogmatic Theology, and Pastor of St. Michael's Church, Jersey City. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1874. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

The various chapters of this work have already been given to the public under the form of a series of essays in the *Catholic World*, though we fancy that outside of the episcopacy, clergy, and a limited number of the educated laity, very few of the readers of that excellent magazine have given much attention to

them. This neglect, however, if existing at all, must be due to the apparent dryness of the subject, yet the treatise is not nor cannot be dry to any one who has made a course of philosophical studies. It is strange, however, that our American Catholics, even without the advantages of a metaphysical training, have heads long enough and deep enough for all sorts of intricacies, except what concerns their faith and public morals. Pantheism followed up to its foundation is proved to be, in the language of our author, "the universal radical error pervading man, society, and the body politic, and absorbing time and space." We have just read in another work lying upon our book-table, "It is a theological axiom that God is more grievously offended by infidelity than by immorality. Sins against morality are indeed a violation of God's holy law, but infidelity not only refuses to admit any divine sanction to law, but boldly denies the very existence of the Divine Legislator." In these two quotations we have the nature, extent, and potentiality of Pantheism expressed. It is simply acknowledging as God everything but God, but above all things it is the deification of self, that great idol before which all flesh bows down. This monstrous evil, Pantheism, being the natural enemy of Catholic truth, our author has attempted to refute it, by showing the internal beauty of Catholicity, a form of controversy and a means of carrying conviction which he believes to be peculiarly adapted to the requirements of the day. His work is profound and trustworthy.

THE CHRISTIAN TRUMPET, or Previsions and Predictions about Impending General Calamities, the Universal Triumph of the Church, the Coming of Antichrist, the Last Judgment, and the End of the World. Divided into three parts. Compiled by Pellegrino. Boston: Patrick Donahue, 1873. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth St., Philadelphia.

Readers who are inclined to be of a "mystical" turn of mind will find this book to be all they could desire, both as to contents and covering. It wants badly, however, one of two things, namely, either the *imprimatur* or the *prohibitur* of some bishop.

